

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1916.

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THE DRUNKARD'S WARNING:

OR, THE FRUITS OF THE WINE CUP



"Stop it—look at me—a drunkard! Oh God! a miserable drunkard. They'll kill you, Syd; they want yer money. They're after yer I'm a drunkard, but I warn yer, son of my old friend!"

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—OR—

THE FRUITS OF THE WINE CUP

By JNO. B. DOWD

CHAPTER I.

THE DRUNKARD'S WARNING.

One beautiful summer night, some years ago, there was a gay party of young men making merry at a table in the supper-room of the Brighton House, in the lively little city of Brighton, not a thousand miles from the metropolis of the nation.

There were seven young men in the party.

Six of them had accepted the invitation of one of their number to a wine supper that evening, to celebrate his admission to the bar, which had occurred that day at the courthouse.

Four of the seven young men were lawyers, who had passed through the same ordeal but a few months before, and therefore knew just how their young host felt.

They had a ready sympathy for the new-fledged member of the bar, because he was in a financial condition that did not require any sympathy from anybody.

Sydney Walton was just one-and-twenty years of age when he was admitted to the bar.

He was an orphan.

Both parents had died when he was but a lad.

The guardian turned over to him on his twenty-first birthday a large fortune which he had for years held in trust for him.

He had studied law with the honest intention of working his way into prominence through the profession.

But he had a host of friends, who liked him because of his many good qualities of head and heart, to say nothing of his liberality in the way of expenditures when out with the boys.

But to the party at the supper-table.

It was a late supper.

The little party had the great dining-room all to themselves.

The courses were through and the corks had been flying for some time.

They were all more or less under the influence of the sparkling champagne.

"Sydney, old man," cried Harry Lane, a brilliant young lawyer, holding the glass of foaming liquid above his head, "here's luck, and hoping you may win your first case in court, whether it be in law or equity."

"Good, good! Drink it down!"

"And may the judge never rule against you!" cried Otis Chalmers, another young lawyer.

"And may your clients come down with your fees!" added Andy Swift, who had recently sued a client for a fee for legal services.

They drank the toast amid peals of merry laughter and the clinking of glasses.

Then others followed, and the laughter and shouts grew louder every moment, till the landlord had to send a note requesting the gentlemen not to make quite so much noise.

"You see how it is, fellows," said Sydney as he read the note. "The landlord wants us to empty every bottle in the

house, but not to have any fun. He has just written us a note asking us not to laugh——"

The others burst into a roar, and laughed till the very roof shook with their merriment.

"Not so loud," continued Sydney, reading the note.

"Oh—oh!" and they laughed all the more.

Then the landlord came in and insisted that they should make less noise.

They laughed at him, as if trying to split their throats.

"Gentlemen, I beg of you to——"

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, ha, ha!" they laughed.

He turned red in the face and vowed he would put them out.

Then they laughed louder than ever and crowded around him, caught hold of him, laughing as if on the verge of convulsions over something funny. Then they rushed him out the front door to the street, where they all fell in a heap together and rolled over and over with the irate landlord.

"By George, he puts us (hic) out!" cried Harry Lane, slapping Sydney Walton on the shoulder.

"Yes—fired the (hic) whole crowd!" put in Otis Chalmers.

"Didn't know you were (hic) man enough, Mr. Jones!"

"Drat your drunken frolics!" exclaimed the landlord, pulling loose from them. "Go 'long now, and don't come back here till you are sober once more! Good heavens, the young rascals have nearly ruined my best suit of clothes!"

He ran back into the hotel and slammed the doors in the faces of the seven hilarious young men.

"Come on, fellows," said Lane, seizing Walton by the arm, "let's go down to (hic) Bates', an' have game (hic) billiards."

They all locked arms and went along the street singing snatches of songs, and taking entire possession of the sidewalk.

People were jostled into the gutters in a lively, good-natured sort of way as the party wended their way down the street to Bates' place.

Just as they were about to enter the place Sydney Walton espied an old bummer of the name of Gresham, who was in front of the door searching the pockets of his clothes in quest of the wherewithal to buy a drink of the stuff that had ruined him.

Sydney had known him when he was not so low as he now was, and when he was living with his family.

"Hello, Gresham!" he cried out merrily, "looking for a dime, eh?"

"Yes, Syd," replied the old bummer, reaching down to the bottom of his pocket. "I've got one somewhere, I know."

"Come in and drink with us. Who cares for expenses? I don't."

"Well, I'm sure I don't if you pay 'em," said Gresham, following the young bloods into the saloon.

"Here!" cried Walton, "give us another bottle of champagne—the (hic) stuff."

The barkeeper knew the crowd and hastened to fill the order.

But seeing Gresham in the party, he thought him an intruder, and hissed at him:

"Git out, will ye?"

"No, I won't," was the reply.

"You won't?"

"No!"

The barkeeper seized a bung-starter.

"Steady, now, Billy," said Sydney. "He's on a legal bender with us to-night. I'm (hic) going to make one (hic) man happy, if I have to (hic) make him drunk."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the bartender. "I didn't know he was in your crowd. What'll you have, Gresham?"

"Whisky," said the bummer. "None of your champagne water for me."

He was given the whisky, and they all drank hilariously.

They then began to have some fun with the old man. He was good-natured.

Andy Swift emptied a small pitcher of ice water down his back.

Then he got mad, and offered to thrash the crowd, and was put out of the place.

An hour later—which was a little past midnight—the party of young men, now reduced to five, came out on the street again.

The moon was shining brightly and the street lamps were burning.

Down the street they went, and at the third corner they ran into Gresham again, who was reeling aimlessly along on a stomach full of whisky.

"Hello, old man!" cried Chalmers, tripping the drunkard and throwing him heavily to the ground.

They all laughed save Sydney, who took the old man by the hand and tried to pull him to his feet.

"Don't hurt him, fellows," he said. "I've known him (hic) a long time. All right now, old man?"

Gresham rose to his feet and leaned against the side of the house, staring at the five young men as if half trying to collect his wits.

"Brace up, old man," said Walton. "Have another (hic) drink?"

"Yes, set 'em up agin," said Chalmers, who was in a condition to do anything, however reckless.

The old man was what those who knew him called "talky drunk."

He braced himself against the house, and glaring at the roystering young men, said:

"Go in, boys. Thash er way I did. Go it (hic) while yer er young. Yer'll come down (hic) ter my pace soon (hic) 'nough. I say, Syd—(hic)—ney Walton, I er knowed yer father (hic) well. Thash er fac'. Great (hic) fren' o' mine. He was (hic) good man—yash, er good man. Piled up his (hic) money while (hic) I drank mine down. I'm er (hic) fool. Yash, er ole (hic) fool."

"That's so," said Chalmers.

"Yash, thash so, an' yer ain't (hic) no wise kid, either," replied the drunkard, who was gathering his wits pretty well together.

The other laughed at Chalmers, and the old drunkard suddenly straightened up, and, looking at Sydney Walton, exclaimed:

"Go home, Syd Walton! Drink no more. Look at me! They're making you drunk to get you out of the way! Other people want your property (hic). I know 'em. They think they can kill yer with drink an' not hang for it. Stop it—look at me—a drunkard! Oh, heavens! a miserable drunkard! They'll kill you, Syd—they want yer money. They're after yer. I'm a drunkard, but I warn yer—son of my ole friend!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ARREST OF OUR HERO.

The terrible emphasis the old drunkard placed on the latter end of his speech astonished the young men. Sydney Walton was almost sobered by the deep earnestness of the words the old friend of his father had uttered. Had he not been afraid of being laughed at by his companions he would have turned away in a repentant mood, and gone to his hotel immediately after the warning he had received.

"Oh, come along and leave the old soak alone!" said Swift, pulling him away by the arm.

"Yes, come on," said Lane.

"Go and soak your (hic) head," said Chalmers to Gresham, as they all turned to leave the old drunkard.

"Yes, thash so. Soak my (hic) head. You soak all (hic) over—drunk all over!"

Lane laughed, and sung out:

"Good for you, old man. Here's another drink for you on that," and he placed a coin in Gresham's hand as he moved away.

On the other corner, just across the street, a man ran against Sydney and nearly tumbled him over in the gutter.

Quick as a flash he struck the man, and he, being about as much under the influence of drink as Sydney was, returned the blow, giving him a black eye.

"Why, hang your impudence!" cried Sydney, almost beside himself with rage. "Do you try to knock me down after running over me?" and he went at him again, and they would have had a rough-and-tumble fight then and there, had not Lane and Swift been just sober enough to have the good sense to separate them.

"Hit me again, will you?" cried the other fellow. "I don't take blows from no man! No, sir, not much I don't," and he reeled off up the street in the direction he was going when he ran into the party.

Sydney was in a towering rage at being struck several severe blows, and wanted to have satisfaction.

"Just wait till I show him what I can do," said he, breaking away from the others and dashing off in hot pursuit of the man.

"Come back, you fool!" cried Lane.

But as he did not hear he did not heed, and in another moment he was out of sight around the corner.

"The deuce take it!" exclaimed Lane. "We must go after him, or that fellow will knock his nose off his face."

"Yes, I know him," added Swift. "His name is Padgett. He can knock Syd out in one round."

"Come on, let's get him away."

They pushed on round the corner in pursuit of the newly-fledged young lawyer.

To their surprise when they turned the corner they could not see either Sydney or Padgett.

"He went up this way," said Chalmers, leading off up the street.

They ran some three or four blocks and failed to see anything of either of the two men.

They met three or four citizens, whom they asked:

"Did you meet Padgett or Sydney Walton going up this way?"

"No; what's up?"

"Oh, they had a fight, and Syd is after him for satisfaction."

"Been drinking, have they?"

"Yes."

The citizens went on their way, and the four friends looked about in vain for Walton for at least a half hour.

"Strange," ejaculated Lane. "I don't see where they could have gone."

"Well, I am not going to look for him all night," said Swift. "I'm going to have a head on me in the morning as big as a beer keg."

"So am (hic) I," said Chalmers. "I can feel it swelling up now, and I want (hic) another drink to keep it down."

The others laughed.

"So do I," they chorused, and went back to the way they had come to see if they could not get another drink.

But the place was closed, it being long after midnight, so they had to go home without getting any more drink.

Where was Sydney Walton in the meantime?"

Let us follow him and see.

Padgett turned into a dark alley in the second block from the corner, it being a route he had often taken to reach the rear entrance to a certain saloon after the hours of closing had passed.

Walton ran up to the alley and looked into the darkness beyond, and imagined he heard Padgett running away from him.

In a boiling passion he sprang forward in pursuit.

But it was very dark in the alley, and in less than one minute he ran against the abutment of a wall with such force that the collision knocked him senseless to the ground.

There he lay a half hour ere he recovered himself.

Then he looked about him in a dazed sort of way and wondered what had hit him.

Pulling himself together, he rose to his feet and staggered out of the alley to the main street.

The terrible collision with the wall had more than half sobered him.

Sydney, bitterly. "I cannot realize it, even after the twenty-four hours spent in that dungeon," and he gave a shudder.

"You want to brace up now and fight the thing through," said Judge Chalmers.

"Oh, I am going to fight it through. Never fear on that score."

"But you want to quiet your nerves with a glass of wine and—"

"No, sir. I shall never touch another drop as long as I live," Sydney replied, with strong emphasis. "It was wine that brought all this trouble about, and I don't want any more of it."

"Oh, don't turn fanatic, my dear sir," said Judge Chalmers, who loved a glass of wine as much as any man did. "You might have gotten into a fight with Padgett had you not tasted a drop of wine that night."

"I may, but I don't believe it," was the reply.

"You won't join us in a glass, then?"

"No, sir. I drink no more forever. I have reaped the fruits of the wine cup, and shall not make it possible for another drop to come to me."

"Then we will have a bottle, Otis," said the judge. "Ring the bell, please."

Otis rang the bell, and a minute or two later a servant came to the door.

"A bottle of wine and two glasses," said the judge.

The servant retired, and in five minutes he came back with the wine and glasses.

"A glass will brace you up, Sydney," remarked the judge, as he took the bottle and proceeded to open it.

"I shall brace up on cold water after this," answered Walton, "and you had better follow my example, Otis. You have seen the fruits of the wine cup in my own case, and you cannot have forgotten the terrible warning old Dave Gresham gave us on the street the other night."

Judge Chalmers laughed.

"Has that old bummer turned temperance lecturer?" he asked.

"Hardly," replied Walton. "He was drunk when he spoke to us; but something said by some one in the party caused him to cry out to me to 'go home and let drink alone'—that it would ruin me as it had ruined him—that there were people who were trying to kill me with drink in order to get my money—that I could be killed that way without any one being hanged for it."

Judge Chalmers turned as pale as death as he listened to Sydney's recital of the old drunkard's words, and swallowed a glassful of wine to brace himself up.

"Did the old bummer say all that?" he asked.

"Yes, and much more, and if I had followed his advice right then, as it was my first impulse to do, I would not have been in the position I am to-day."

"Tut, tut! It was the raving of a drunken fool," remarked the judge, swallowing another glass of wine.

Otis joined his father in a glass, and they both drank to the health of their young client.

"Now I want you to tell me the whole truth in regard to the case," said the judge, as he put down his glass. "How did you come to give him his deathblow?"

"In the name of heaven!" gasped Sydney Walton, staring at his counsel in dumfounded amazement, "do you think I did it?"

The judge shrugged his shoulders and asked:

"Well, didn't you really?"

"No, sir. I am as innocent of Padgett's death as you are, Judge Chalmers."

"Well, really you astonish me. I did really think you did, and that you would plead not guilty, of course. Well, now, who did get away with him?"

"That is more than I can say. I was as much surprised when I heard that he was dead as you could have been."

"Well, this is really a mystery, indeed. We shall have to do some pretty hard swearing to get you out of the sheriff's hands, my boy. But we can do it, my boy. I haven't lived to be fifty years old without learning something about the power of money in the matter of trials by jury."

"I am innocent of any wrong-doing in regard to Padgett, and I am going to rely on the court and jury to establish my innocence."

"Tut, tut, my boy! Your case is in my hands. That's all very well, but unless we can get men to stand up with you on the day of trial it will go hard with you, to say the least of it."

CHAPTER V.

OTIS CHALMERS PUMPS THE DRUNKARD.

As the two lawyers, father and son, wended their way back to their office, they both observed a discreet silence till they had reached their den.

"Otis," said the judge, turning to his son, "did you hear what that old sot Gresham said the other night?"

"I did."

"Does Walton report him right?"

"Yes. I think he does."

"He came near taking my breath away when he said what he did. But for the glass of wine I held in my hand I fear I would have betrayed myself badly."

"I was afraid you would anyhow," said Otis. "You turned as pale as a ghost."

"Yes, I know I did. What did the old sot mean?"

"I don't know. I am sure that we have not betrayed ourselves in any way. Yet he spoke as if he knew the secret of our views in regard to Walton."

"Yes—had he been one of ourselves he could not have spoken more truly than he did. I wonder if he knows anything, or suspects us?"

"I don't believe he does. But what's to be done now, since Walton won't drink any more wine?"

"Keep on tempting him. A man who once loved wine and drank to excess is never proof against temptation. Don't urge him more than once on an occasion, but drink it before him in moderation so he can see that moderation is a good thing. You have part of the money he gave me a check for yesterday. Use it to get him to drink again, and be on the lookout for a man to swear for us who will break down under cross-examination. That will lose the case for him, and win the fortune for you."

"Yes—I know of two men who would do just as I told them to do."

"They are the men we want, then."

"I would like to know who did kill Padgett," remarked Otis.

"Oh, there is no question in my mind on that score."

"Do you believe that Sydney did it?"

"Yes—no one else."

"Somehow I can't believe it."

"You must make up your mind that he did, for everything points that way," said his father. "I want you to sound Dave Gresham when you meet him again—take him into some place, fill him up and get him to talking. Lead him on to talking about the warning he gave you young men that night. He may have heard people talking, and if so, we ought to know it."

"Better make it a point to see him as soon as possible, then, and get all you can out of him."

Otis Chalmers soon left the office and strolled down on Moore street, where there were more rum shops than any other kind. He had not gone half a block on the street ere he met the drunkard.

He was wandering aimlessly about, hoping to meet some one who would kindly ask him to have a drink.

"Hello, Gresham!" he said, as he met the old man, "how are you to-day?"

"I ain't well at all," said the drunkard, looking him full in the face, as he was not sure that he knew him.

"What's the matter?"

"Pains in side and chest. Guess I'm er gettin' rheumatiz."

"You don't take good care of yourself. What else can you expect?"

"How can a man take care of himself who ain't got a dollar in the world?"

"How do you get along, then?"

"I don't get along at all. I live 'cause it ain't my time to die, that's all."

"Oh, you can die very easy if you want to," said Otis laughing.

"Don't believe—been tryin' ter make up my mind to die this last year, but somehow I can't find out when it's my turn."

"Don't want to go before your turn, eh?"

"No—I might git in some other fellow's way, yer know."

"Do you think it was Padgett's turn the other night?"

"Yes—a man can't dodge his turn, yer know. That was er bad thing, wasn't it?"

"Yes—I am sorry for Sydney. I don't believe he did it."

"No more do I."

"Do you recollect meeting us that night after we came out of Bates' place?"

"Yes—you were all full."

"So we were—come, let's go and have a drink somewhere."

The old drunkard was eager for a drink.

He led off in haste to the nearest saloon, where they entered and called for what they wanted.

Gresham took a full glass of fiery liquor and gulped it down as if it had been so much water.

"Ah! That goes to the spot!" he exclaimed, as he put down the glass.

"Why don't you let up on drink, Gresham?" Otis asked, as he took a seat at a small table over in a corner of the room.

"Because I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"Why can't you stop eating?" Gresham asked.

"Oh, one has to eat to live."

"Yes, and I have got to that point where I have to drink to live."

"Oh, that can't be. Drink is not necessary to life."

"But men in my fix believe that it is, and hence they struggle as hard to get it as you would scramble for bread were you on the verge of starvation. You don't know anything about it, young man, and you had better not learn it by experience."

"Is that what you meant the other night when you gave us such a warning?"

"Yes, that's it. I am a drunkard, and know what it is to be one. Sydney Walton's father and me were the best of friends in our young manhood. I took to drink and he attended to business, and here I am, and Sydney is the heir to his father's millions."

"But you said something to him about other people wanting his money, and that they were trying to kill him with drink. What did all that mean?"

The drunkard looked up at him in a suspicious sort of way, and answered evasively, saying:

"One can't be too careful about what he says of other people. Guess I was fuller'n usual that night."

"We were all pretty full, as for that matter," said Otis. "Have another drink?"

"Don't care if I do," and he took another big drink of raw whisky.

Otis then questioned him again as to what he meant when he told Walton that other people were trying to kill him with drink in order to get his money. He shook his head, and said he wasn't going around hunting up trouble for himself on account of things that wasn't any concern of his.

"But do you really think anybody is trying to do that?" he asked.

"Maybe so," the old drunkard replied.

"Walton is a good friend of mine," said Otis, "and my father is his counsel and I am one of his witnesses, and if there is any one trying to do him any harm I would like to know it."

But he couldn't get anything out of the old fellow, though he gave him a third drink of the fiery stuff he had been drinking.

It was like pouring water in a dry sand bank pouring liquor down Dave Gresham's throat.

He would just become so much intoxicated and no more, no matter how much he drank.

At last Otis gave it up as a bad job, and went away wondering what the old bummer knew that he would not tell when loaded up with whisky.

As the young lawyer went away the old drunkard looked at him with a knowing wink, muttering:

"I ain't forgot yer sass t'other night, an' (hic) won't tell yer nothin'. Yer may be Syd's (hic) frien', but yer ain't my frien'—no, sir, yer ain't."

And he soon left the saloon with whisky enough in him to last him all the rest of the evening.

The young lawyer made his way home, and after tea proceeded to make his usual call on Pauline Bischoff, to whom he was now secretly engaged to be married.

He found her arrayed in her best toilet, looking really the sweet girl she was, waiting to receive him with the shy timidity of a maiden whose love had not yet been declared.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACCUSED AND HIS FRIENDS.

After Judge Chalmers and Otis left his client the latter looked at the unfinished bottle of wine they had left behind and said:

"It is hard to resist, but I am not going to drink any more. I have tasted of the bitter fruit of the wine cup, and don't

want any more of it. I shall not allow any more wine or other liquor drank in my room, either. Why should I crucify myself by standing by and seeing others drinking right under my nose? I won't allow it."

He rang the bell, and when the waiter came he gave him a dollar, saying:

"Take away that bottle and those glasses, and don't bring any more drink to my room. If anybody in this room wants drink, let him or them go down to the bar."

"All right, sir," replied the waiter, taking the things away.

He then paced back and forth in the room like a caged tiger. A terrible thirst was tugging at him, and at times he was tempted to spring at the bell-cord and pull it, to order something to drink.

But he resisted with a bull-dog courage, and continued to pace the floor as if the exercise assisted him in his great mental struggle.

"I'll go out and take a walk," he said, after a pause. "The exercise and fresh air will do me good."

He put on his hat and started to go out, when he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror.

The discoloration under his eyes had assumed a hue that was a badge of disgrace to a respectable citizen.

Off went his hat—off his coat.

"I don't go out with such eyes as those," he muttered, "if I don't get any fresh air in a month."

In the evening Otis and Harry Lane came up to see him, and later on Andy Swift joined them.

"Now, let's have a bottle to celebrate Syd's getting out of jail," said Otis.

"Good!" replied Andy. "I'm as dry as a sandbank."

"What say you, Harry?"

"It suits me," said Lane.

"What'll you have, Syd?"

"Nothing—I shall never drink again. Why don't you profit by my experience, Otis?"

"Oh, I suppose it is because every man prefers to be guided by an experience of his own," and Otis reached up for the bell-cord.

"Hold on!" cried Syd; "after you and your father left here this morning, I sent down to the landlord not to send any more drink up to this room under any consideration."

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes."

"Then we can't have any here?"

"No; you'll have to go down to the bar for it."

The three young men looked at each other in dignified surprise.

"I have stopped myself, and don't propose to have it right under my nose, and thus—"

"Yes, yes; I understand, Syd," said Lane. "You are right. I won't take anything to-night myself."

"You haven't forgotten old Dave Gresham's warning of the other night, have you?"

"No, I have not; and I am sorry we did not heed it that night as we ought to have done."

"Ah! God only knows how bitterly I have repented that I did not!"

"I saw the old fellow late this afternoon," said Andy Swift, "and he asked me if I had heard any more news from you, Syd. He seems to be very much troubled about you."

"Yes, he and my father were old schoolmates and friends in early manhood. He always tells me that whenever he meets me," and Sydney looked at himself again as he spoke.

The reflection in the glass seemed to annoy him, and he remarked:

"I am sorry I did not follow his advice that evening."

"So am I," said Lane. "Had we done so this would never have happened."

They left at a late hour, and Sydney retired to sleep.

The next morning found him improved in appearance, and he flattered himself that he could soon go out on the street again.

He sent for one of the best detectives in the country, who came to his room.

His name was Kingsley.

"You know all that has occurred, Mr. Kingsley," said Sydney to him. "I want you to give your whole mind, all your time and energies to the task of finding out who killed Jim Padgett. I never saw him after he left us on the corner below. Somebody in that alley stabbed him. Find out who did it, and your fortune is made. You can have all the money you need in the meantime. Will you undertake the job?"

"Yes."

"Very well—draw on me for all the money you need."

The detective took his departure, and our hero was left alone once more.

During the day a number of his friends called to see him, and in the afternoon he went out to ride in a carriage with Harry Lane, muffled up so as to avoid recognition.

After driving about a couple of hours they returned to the hotel.

As Sydney descended from the carriage a man, enveloped in a cloak so that not a particle of his face could be seen, planted himself before him and thrust a sealed letter in his hand, at the same time muttering just loud enough for him to hear:

"Take heed, on your life!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD DRUNKARD AGAIN.

Sydney looked at the letter in his hand and then at the muffled figure, which was moving away at a rapid walk.

"Who the deuce is that?" Harry Lane asked, gazing after the man in the cloak.

"Hanged if I know," replied Sydney.

"What did he say?"

"Never mind till I read what this is," replied Sydney, entering the hotel and going up at once to his room.

Lane followed him soon after, and found him very much puzzled over a bit of paper in his hand.

"What is it, Syd?" he asked.

"I am puzzled," was the reply.

"I can see that very readily."

"I don't know what to make of it."

"What is it? Let me see it?"

"Give me your word of honor to keep it secret and I will do so."

"I give it cheerfully."

Sydney then passed the bit of paper to him.

It contained but a single line of writing, and read:

"Beware of your counsel."

"What in thunder does it mean?" Lane asked.

"That's what I would give something to know," answered Sydney.

"You have no idea who the man was who gave you this?"

"No more than you have. I never saw his face, nor could I detect any familiar sounds in his voice."

"Well, this is strange indeed! We don't know whether it comes from friend or foe."

"No. I don't know why I should beware of Judge Chalmers. He is an able lawyer, as we all know, and Otis is my friend."

"It's a puzzle indeed," remarked Lane. "The most you can do is to keep it to yourself and be on your guard."

"Yes, that's what I'll do. Say nothing about it, and I'll keep my eyes open to the warning," and Sydney folded up the bit of paper and thrust it into his vest pocket as he spoke.

A few days later the marks of the blows on his face had disappeared, and Sydney Walton once more showed himself on the streets, where he was greeted cordially by many of his friends.

One day he met Dave Gresham, who stopped and looked at him for a minute or two, as if afraid to speak to him.

Sydney nodded to him, when he stepped forward and said:

"I know yer didn't do it, Syd, but it's bad for yer all the same."

"Yes, and all the worse because I didn't take your warning the other night. If I had followed your advice, I would not have got into trouble."

"No—of course not."

"But I have stopped now. I'll never drink another drop as long as I live. I've sworn to that."

"Ah! If I only could do the same!"

"You can, old man, if you try hard."

"No—no. I've tried it. I can't do it. I would go wild, and kill somebody, or myself."

"You can't stop?"

"No—not to save my life."

"You are going to die a drunkard, then?"

"Yes, sure."

Sydney looked hard at him for a moment or two, and felt sorry for him.

"How long since you had a drink?" he asked, after a pause.

"Not since this morning."

"Then you want another one?"

"Badly."

"Here's a dollar for you."

The drunkard snatched it with an eagerness that startled our hero.

"There are people who want to get you out of the way," he said, "but I am not one of them. When does the trial come off?"

"Oh, several months yet. I would be very glad to hear that you had stopped drinking, Gresham. I like you, because you and my father were old friends."

"When you hear that I have stopped drinking you may know that I am suffering the pains of a thousand deaths."

"But they would not last long."

"For days—weeks, if I could live so long. No, no, I am doomed to die a miserable drunkard, but," and he placed his hands to his mouth as if to make a trumpet to throw his voice into Sydney's ear, "I am not so far gone but what I can do you some service when the time comes," and with that he ran off for the first saloon to get a drink with the money that had been given him.

"Poor fellow!" muttered Sydney, as he saw where the drunkard had gone, "he can't help it, I suppose. He is too far gone."

"Hello, Sydney!" called a well-known voice at his back, as a familiar hand fell on his shoulder. "Come and have a glass of wine with me. I've something to tell you."

"See here, Otis Chalmers," said Sydney, "I am growing suspicious of you. You never meet me without asking me to take a drink, though you know I have sworn not to do so. Now, if you don't wish to lose my friendship, you will never do it again. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes, old man," responded Otis. "I didn't mean anything by it."

"Well, it's all right if you don't do it again. What is it you have to tell me?"

"Something about a witness we have secured. He is a strong card. He will swear that he saw Padgett alive after he saw you going down the street to your hotel."

"Good! That is a good witness. I only wish we could find two or three more like him."

Just then Andy Swift joined them and the conversation became more general in character.

On the way down the street Sydney remarked to Otis:

"It has been suggested to me that it would be a wise thing on my part to employ additional counsel to aid in conducting my defense."

Otis started and turned pale.

"I don't think it at all necessary," he remarked.

"But I do," quietly returned Sydney.

"I don't think my father will like it," said Otis.

"He has acted with associate counsel in other cases to my knowledge," said Walton, "and I don't see why he should object to do so in my case."

"You had better see him about it first," suggested Otis.

"He may prefer to suggest the counsel himself."

"Well, I'll see him to-morrow."

The suggestion seemed to disturb Otis very much, and in a little while he went away to hunt up his father.

He found him at the foot of the flight of stairs that led up to his office.

"Sydney talks about employing additional counsel," he said. Judge Chalmers started as if stung.

"That must not be," he hissed. "It would ruin everything. I must see him at once. Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He will call on you to-morrow. Better wait till he does."

"What could have put the idea in his head, I wonder?"

"I don't know."

"Whom did he suggest as additional counsel?"

"He did not mention any one."

That evening Judge Chalmers sat in his office pondering over the situation.

"The case is almost a clear one of murder in the first degree," he muttered, "and nothing short of a miracle can save him. I shall have to yield to keep his confidence, and, as senior counsel, can still have control of the case. I can set the associate counsel to looking up law precedents, and thus keep the matter of witnesses in my own hands. Yes, I shall pretend to be pleased with the idea of having associate counsel, and then try to see that certain lawyers are not secured."

When Sydney Walton called on Judge Chalmers the next day his counsel received him cordially.

"How does my case get on?" Sydney asked.

"Very well indeed. We shall have little difficulty in securing an acquittal, I apprehend."

"I am glad to hear that. It has been suggested to me that as the district attorney has two assistants you ought to have more help yourself."

"I was thinking as much myself," remarked the judge. "If I had an associate who would really be a help instead of an incumbrance, I should be glad to have him."

"Of course. I authorize you to select other counsel, such as you prefer. Don't leave any stone unturned to make the result a certainty, even before we go into court."

"That's just what I am trying to do, and you may rest assured that I shall leave no gaps anywhere for the prosecution to make a run on us."

"Look out for good counsel and keep me posted as to the progress you are making."

"That I certainly will. But see here, Walton. If any one comes to you to talk to you about the case—no matter from what standpoint—just send them to me. You understand?"

"Yes—and I'll do it," said the young man, drawing on his gloves as he left the office of his counsel.

CHAPTER VIII.

PAULINE'S ADVENTURE AND SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

One evening, a few weeks after the arrest of Sydney Walton, Pauline Bischoff was seated in the sitting-room of the residence of her uncle. She was sewing, for she had little time to do anything else. Her thoughts were pleasing, for there was a smile on her lips and a happy look in her dark, lustrous eyes. She was thinking of her lover—Otis Chalmers—the handsome young lawyer, who had won her heart so completely.

It had always seemed like a fairy dream to her that the brilliant young lawyer, who moved in the best circles of society, and lived in a fine house with his father—who had been a judge—should have singled her out to make her his bride.

What a beautiful future her love pictured as she thought of him. She could not for a single moment doubt the sincerity of his love or the honorable intentions of his suit.

She was thus pleasantly occupied with her thoughts, when a relative of her uncle's wife ran in, exclaiming:

"Oh, Aunt Sarah—Pauline—come over quick! Mother has been taken very ill, and we don't know what to do for her!"

Pauline, always tender-hearted, sprang up, threw down her sewing, hastily donned her hat and shawl, and said to her aunt:

"I'll go right now, aunt. If it is very serious I'll send you word," and in another moment she was gone with the young girl who had come for her.

The relative's house was about half a mile away, which distance was shortened somewhat by going through a lane which ran by an old, disused warehouse and shop.

In a few minutes they reached the house where the girl's mother was found lying on the bed.

Pauline at once sent for a physician, not knowing the cause of the illness.

But while the girl was gone in search of the doctor Pauline put the patient's feet in hot water, and was working vigorously with her when the doctor arrived.

"You have done well," said the doctor, after a hurried examination of the patient. "You have done just what I would have prescribed. She'll come to presently."

"But what is the matter with her, doctor? Is she dangerously ill?"

"Oh, no. She'll soon be on her feet again."

"Then there's no need to send for my aunt, Sarah Bischoff?"

"Oh, not in the least."

The patient soon recovered consciousness, and the doctor went away, after leaving a prescription for her.

Pauline labored with her for a couple of hours, and then prepared to return home.

The mother and daughter pressed her to stay longer.

"No, I dare not," she said. "It is quite late now, and it's going to rain, too."

"But you can stay all night."

"Oh, no. Aunt Sarah would be very uneasy."

"But Sarah knows where you are."

"Yes, but she will think you are very ill, and will be coming over here after midnight if I don't return home."

They tried in vain to keep her till morning, telling her

that she ought not to run the risk of going home at that late hour.

"Oh, I am not afraid," she said. "I will run all the way. She kissed the mother and daughter and then left the house. To get back home as quickly as possible, she ran through the lane by which she had come two hours before.

But just as she reached the old shop a perfect deluge of rain came down.

She had on a dress she did not wish to have spoiled, so she gave a little feminine exclamation and darted into the old shop—which was nothing more than an old tumble-down shanty—to wait till the rain ceased.

The rain poured in torrents, and deep-toned thunder shook the earth.

Suddenly she was horrified at hearing two men dash into the shop.

"Hang it!" exclaimed one, in surly tones, "I never saw a rain come up so suddint like."

"No more did I," said the other. "I'm as wet as a drowned rat."

"I am, too."

And then followed a few muttered imprecations on the sudden wetting they had received.

Pauline held her breath in terror.

She did not have the strength to move from the spot, so great was her fright at thus being placed in such a position.

She was about to make up her mind to dart out into the lane and speed away through the pouring rain, when she heard the name of her lover fall from the lips of the unknown.

"I saw Otis Chalmers to-day, Bill," she heard one of them say, "and I thought what a case he'd have if he knowed as much about Jim Padgett's death as some other people do."

"Yes," chuckled Bill, "that's so, Waddy. But then he ain't as knowin' as he thinks he is."

"The old 'un knows a thing or two, though," said Waddy.

"Yes; but he don't know that it was my blade that settled Jim, an' that'll hang Walton as sure as fate. I don't care a snap if it does."

"In course not. He doesn't care a snap for us."

"No; nor any other poor man."

Pauline was almost paralyzed. She leaned against the wall for support, and a moment later, as a long roll of thunder shook the old shanty, she darted out into the rain and sped away in the darkness.

She ran with all speed through the lane, the rain coming down in torrents.

Soon she was in the street on which she lived, and in a few minutes more was at home.

The violent exercise of running had driven the pallor out of her cheeks which the adventure had placed there, hence her uncle and aunt did not notice anything about her other than the fact that she was very wet and had been running.

"Why, Pauline!" the good Mrs. Bischoff exclaimed. "Why did you come in all this rain?"

"I had no umbrella, and was afraid you would be uneasy if I did not come back. She is much better now."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Only a fainting spell, brought on by weakness and over-work."

"Go and change your clothes at once. You must be drenched to the skin."

"I guess I am, but it's a warm rain and won't hurt me," and she ran upstairs to her room, where she soon exchanged her wet clothes for dry ones.

CHAPTER IX.

THE JUDGE'S NOTE.

The hour being late when she arrived at home, Pauline did not again see her uncle and aunt that night. As she lay in bed thinking over what she had heard the two unknowns say in the shop, she made up her mind that it would be wiser for her to give the story to her lover, who was one of the lawyers engaged to defend her cousin, Sydney Walton.

"Yes," she said, just before closing her eyes in sleep, "I'll tell Otis before I say a word about it to any one else. He will know what to do. He is my cousin's lawyer and—my lawyer, too," and with that pleasing reflection she closed her eyes to dream of the only man she had ever loved.

The next day she had regained a perfect control of her-

self and went about her work as though nothing had ever occurred to change the even current of her thoughts.

That evening she knew that Otis would call—his regular night—and she prepared to tell him everything if chance offered.

He came and met with a loving reception.

After a little sentimental talk she asked him if he felt sure that her Cousin Sydney would be acquitted on trial.

"Oh, yes, of course I do," he replied.

"Have you found out who the man is that killed Padgett?"

"No, not yet, and we may never find out. We shall prove an alibi, and——"

"What is an 'alibi'?"

"The word 'alibi' means elsewhere, or in another place."

"Oh, yes; I understand now. But wasn't Padgett's body found in the alley where Sydney says he was knocked down?"

"Yes, I—I—believe it was."

"How, then, can you prove an alibi?"

Otis was staggered.

Was Pauline Bischoff really a lawyer, as her question would imply?

"My father knows what he is about, Pauline," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, no doubt of that, but you know I am deeply interested in the fate of my cousin."

"I don't know why you should be. He has never acted like a cousin to you."

"Oh, yes, he has. He gave me a nice watch and chain on my last birthday."

"He did? I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes; but our families have never been intimate. That was not his fault, you know."

"No. Still, knowing you to be an orphan, like himself, he should have——"

"Oh, you must not say a word against Cousin Sydney!" she cried, laying a hand over his mouth. "I have something to say to you that will surprise you," and then she told him the story of her adventure of the evening before.

It did surprise him.

It almost took his breath away.

"Great Cæsar, Pauline!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

But he did not appear to be very glad.

On the contrary, his face wore the expression of one who had just received a piece of very bad news.

She was puzzled beyond expression.

"Have you told this to any one else?" he asked.

"No, not a word to any one."

"Then don't say a word about it, and I'll put the detectives on the track of those two men. You say their names were Bill and Waddy?"

"Yes; that's what they called each other. You know I couldn't see an inch before me, it was so dark."

"Of course. You say the man Bill said it was his blade which struck the blow that did the business for Jim?"

"Yes."

Otis took out his notebook and made a memoranda of what she said, and added:

"I'll give this to the detectives and they'll soon ferret out the men. They know whether men bearing those names are about Brighton or not. You may have to identify them by their voices, though."

"I am sure I could do that."

"Well, it may be that you have saved the life of your cousin, Pauline."

"Oh, I do hope I have!"

"So do I. It was a queer adventure for a young lady."

"Yes, I never was so frightened in my life."

Otis took leave of her at the usual hour, and as he passed the gate he hissed between his clenched teeth:

"Perdition seize it! She has knocked everything higher than Gilroy's kite, unless I can keep my mouth shut till after the trial or execution! I'll tell father and have him impress the idea of secrecy on her mind. By the gods, if he is acquitted, she'll have to look elsewhere for a husband. I'm not in the market for a penniless wife."

He went straight home and found that his father had not yet retired.

Judge Chalmers was thunderstruck at what he heard.

"We must close her mouth at every hazard," he said. "The case is where it is sure to go against us. Of course I'll have to appeal, but in that direction the field would be plainly ours and he'd have to hang. You must work her, Otis, and close her mouth, so that not a word shall escape her in regard to it."

"I think I can do that. She will do anything I say, I think."

"Well, tell her we have detectives at work on the trail of the men, and that success depends on her not breathing a word of it to a living soul."

"I told her as much as that to-night, and I am quite sure she will follow my advice."

"Well, look after her closely, and pretend to keep her posted in regard to the case. I'll try to see her in some way and thank her for what she has done."

"That would do a deal of good."

The next day Judge Chalmers sent her a note of thanks by the hand of Otis, telling him to repossess himself of the note again if possible.

Otis called at noon, much to her surprise, and gave her the note to read.

She was delighted, and after reading it laid it down on her work-basket to talk with him.

He watched his opportunity to stealthily abstract it.

But Mrs. Bischoff saw the act from another room, and was amazed.

After he left she told Pauline what she had seen, and she went back to search for the note.

She was dumfounded.

Why should he take the note away without her consent?

She would have given it to him had he asked for it.

She was a girl of great decision of character, and this little unmanly act nearly broke her heart. But she told her aunt that it was nothing at all, and that was the end of it.

But she was a dangerous woman to trifle with, and in less than an hour she was dressed for the street, and hurrying toward the office of Judge Chalmers.

CHAPTER X.

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Judge Chalmers' office was as well known as that of any lawyer's in the town of Brighton. He was so well known himself that his name and fame were familiar to everybody.

Pauline herself had often seen the sign of Chalmers & Son as she passed by the place, but until this day she never dreamed that she would ever enter there on legal or any other business.

But she now wanted to see Judge Chalmers, from whom she had received a note that morning.

The judge was in when she knocked at the door of the office, and the office boy showed her to a seat and went into the rear room to tell the wily old lawyer that a young lady wished to see him.

He presented himself immediately, bowing as politely as a French dancing master.

She saw that he did not know who she was, and said, rising to her feet:

"You are Judge Chalmers?"

"Yes, miss. My name is Chalmers, and I was once a judge."

"I am Pauline Bischoff, and——"

"Ah! I am happy to see you, Miss Bischoff!" he exclaimed, interrupting her. "Please be seated. You had quite an adventure the other evening."

"Yes, sir, and I was never so frightened before in all my life."

"I don't wonder at it. It was enough to frighten a big strong man, much less a timid young lady. But you displayed wonderful nerve and presence of mind."

"I didn't know what else to do, and so I stood still, scarcely daring to breathe for fear they would discover my presence there."

"Which was the wisest thing in the world to do, as you became possessed of information that is of the greatest importance to us."

"Yes—and that is what I called to see you about. You sent me a note in regard to it by Otis."

"Yes, I felt so thankful to you for the information that I wrote to say so."

"And I was so glad to get it, judge," she said. "I felt that I had something which I could some day show Cousin Sydney that would convince him that I was just the least bit concerned for him when he was in trouble. But when Otis came away he took the note with him. He did not think I cared for it, but I do. He sometimes takes a handkerchief, or glove,

just to tease me, and presents me with better ones afterward. I want that note—that's what I came for."

Judge Chalmers laughed, and said:

"The young rogue! I was just that way myself when I was young. I'll make him return it to you as soon as he comes in and kick him, too, if you desire it."

Pauline laughed.

"Please don't do that," she said, rising as if to go.

"Well, it would serve him right. He is a chip of the old block," said the judge.

"Is he so very bad, then?" and she gave him an innocent look as she asked the question.

"About as bad as the most of 'em," answered the judge, laughing. "Young men have been pretty much alike in all ages, my dear. By the way, it has come down to us all the way from old Mother Eve that none of her daughters can keep a secret. Do you believe it?"

"No, sir. Nor do I believe that all her sons can keep one, either."

"Ah! We agree in that. You see my point, do you not? We must keep everything we do a profound secret from the prosecution."

"Yes, I understand. You need not fear that I shall go gabbing about and tell all I know."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bischoff; I did not mean to hint such a thing."

Pauline laughed, and with a pleasant bow she turned and left the office of the father and son.

She had not been gone ten minutes ere Otis came in.

"Pauline has been here," his father remarked to him.

"The deuce! What did she want?"

"She wants that note. What did you do with it?"

"I tore it up, of course," he replied. "What the deuce does she want with it?"

"She says she wants it as a proof to show her cousin, after his acquittal, that she contributed to that end."

Otis looked at his father as if he would like to read his thoughts.

"She's a deuced sharp girl," he remarked, after a pause of some moments.

"Yes, indeed. I see no other way than to write the note over again and let you take it to her."

"But that would be dangerous in the future, perhaps."

"It might be still more dangerous not to do it. I don't think she is a girl that you can trifle with."

"Well, write it again and I'll take it to her."

The judge was not sure he could make an exact copy of his first note, but would do his best. He wrote it and Otis took charge of it.

That evening Otis called on Pauline again.

She was expecting him.

His reception was as it had always been—cordial and loving.

"I am sorry I was not in when you called at the office to-day," he said. "I should have been so glad to have met you there. We would have taken a ride."

"I could not have gone riding," she replied. "I was not dressed for a ride."

"You are not angry with me for taking the note, are you?"

"Oh, no. I wanted to keep it, though."

"I didn't think you would care anything for it."

"But I do, though," she remarked. "I prize it very highly, coming as it does from such a distinguished lawyer as Judge Chalmers. It may be of great value in the future, as proof to my rich cousin that I contributed a little bit to his defense."

"Ah! Who would have thought you so wise in your view of the future?"

Pauline smiled and remarked:

"I am interested in the future as well as some other people are," returned Pauline.

"Yes, yes, of course. Why should you not be? Father sends you another note in place of the one I took. I must have lost or mislaid it," and as he spoke he gave her the note which his father had rewritten.

She took it and read it through.

It was not exactly like the first one, but satisfied her.

She folded it up and put it in the pocket of her dress, after which she devoted herself to the pleasing task of entertaining him.

He remained the usual length of time, after which she accompanied him out to the gate, where she bade him good-night.

She went up to her room with her face all aglow and her

heart in a flutter over the many sweet words he had whispered to her during the evening.

Before retiring she took a notion to read over the letter of the judge once more.

But when she felt in her pocket for it the letter was not there.

She searched the second time, but without finding it.

She looked at herself in the mirror, opposite which she was standing, and saw she was paling.

The next moment she gave a groan, and threw herself across the bed.

"He took it again!" she sobbed. "He does not love me! He is trying to deceive me! Oh, my heart will break! Otis! Otis! I could stand anything but the knowledge of your duplicity!"

She wept long and hysterically.

But the most poignant grief will wear away with time, and ere midnight she had so far recovered as to think calmly over the matter, and she did, scarcely closing her eyes during the night.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR HERO'S HOPES AND FEARS.

In the meantime our hero was not idle in perfecting his defense.

Harry Lane, though not one of his counsel, was his intimate friend. He told him frankly the peril of his position.

"Unless you can account for the death of Padgett in some rational way," he said to him confidentially, "you will be held responsible for it as sure as the sun rises and sets."

"Yes—I am beginning to think that way myself," said Sydney, after a pause. "I shall see my detective and see if he has found out anything. He has been hard at work, I know."

"If he had any news he would have reported to you before now," remarked Lane. "Do you know just what your witnesses will swear to in regard to your whereabouts after leaving us?"

"I can't say that I do."

"My own testimony, as well as that of the entire party, will be against you. It will be drawn out of us by the prosecution and we can't help ourselves."

"Yes, I know that," returned Sydney. "It looks black enough. I am going to hunt up the detective to-day and see what he thinks about the case."

Sydney at once went in search of the man he had employed to work up the mystery of Padgett's death.

He spent more than half the day in looking for him. He was here and there and everywhere; but he came up with him at last, and said:

"I've been looking for you nearly the whole day. What have you found out?"

"Not a solitary thing," was the reply, "save that you were seen to enter the alley a little while after Padgett went in, and that looks bad for you."

"Yes, very bad, indeed," returned Sydney calmly. "I went in there, and was knocked down by somebody whom I could not see."

"I believe you are innocent of the charge, Mr. Walton," said the detective, "and so do all your friends. But as the case now stands, if you go to trial you will lose it. You want to get more time."

"You still think you can find the key to the mystery?"

"I hope to. Once I get a clue, however slight it may be, I can work it out to the end."

"But you haven't any clue at all?"

"Not a shred of one."

"What must I do?"

"What can you do? Let your counsel get a postponement of the trial. That is the best thing you could do."

Sydney called on Judge Chalmers at once, and asked his opinion as to the postponement of the case.

"There is no need of that," said the judge. "I have staked my reputation on your acquittal, and I am confident of the issue."

"Well, it's more than I am," said Walton gloomily.

"Oh, you are nervous."

"Why should I not be? Here are four of my personal friends who will be obliged to admit, under cross-examination, that they heard me utter threats against Padgett, and saw me go off in pursuit of him. He is found dead in an alley, and all the circumstances point to me as his slayer."

"I haven't a single witness who can truthfully swear in even a doubt for me."

"I have weighed all the circumstances," said the judge, "and as your case is in my hands you ought to let me manage it in my own way."

"But as it's my neck that is in danger, you ought to allow me to have something to say in the matter," returned Sydney.

"Yes, of course. You can have all the say you want. What do you want me to do?"

"Have the case postponed if we can't get any clue to the assassins."

"But that would go hard with you when you do go to trial."

"How so?"

"You would be regarded as guilty in the public mind, and juries are very apt to go in the direction of public sentiment."

"But conviction is sure if we go to trial with no proof of how Padgett came to his death."

"Oh, they'll have to prove that you killed him before you can be convicted."

"And they can do that as the case now stands."

"Right there is where you are mistaken. I have had several just such cases in my career."

"Have you selected your associate counsel yet?"

"Yes—I have chosen Mr. Simms."

"Mr. Simms is rather an obscure lawyer."

"He is one of the best lawyers on precedents in Brighton, and that's the kind of an associate I want. I'll look after the witnesses myself, and do the pleading."

Walton did not look pleased.

Judge Chalmers turned to him, and remarked:

"I see you are not satisfied. If you desire it I'll drop out of the case and let some other lawyer take my place."

"But I don't desire it. I want you to defend me. My life is in your hands."

"I'll defend it as if you were my own son instead of a client," said the judge. "I am going to win this case and make for myself a reputation such as no lawyer has ever made before. If I have no better witnesses than I have now I have a sure thing in the way of reaching the jury."

"How is that?"

"The deputy sheriff in charge of the jury will act as a 'go between' to buy an acquittal."

Walton looked at him in genuine surprise.

"Do you understand me?" the judge asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, you see why it is unnecessary to ask for a postponement of the case."

"Yes."

"Acquittal is dead sure, you see."

Sydney Walton left the office feeling quite sure that Judge Chalmers was a man who was bound to win his case at every hazard, and wondering how many verdicts were influenced in the way he had mentioned.

Of course after that he felt no more uneasiness in regard to the result of his trial, which was now close at hand.

He stood ready to sign a check for whatever amount the judge should call for for the use of the jury.

The moment he left his counsel the father and son shook hands in a silent congratulation over the result of the interview.

"It goes well," said the judge.

"Splendidly!" exclaimed Otis.

"We shall have smooth sailing. After the verdict we shall appeal. Then you must marry Pauline and keep her quiet in regard to the point she has in her possession. If she lets it out we shall have to hunt up the two men she heard talking and warn them to leave Brighton."

"Yes, and I think I can find them," said Otis.

"You will have to do that, for it won't do to take any one into our confidence."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

After an absence of four days Otis Chalmers called on Pauline Bischoff again.

She received him with a coldness which at once caused him to ask:

"What's the matter, Pauline? Why are you so frigid toward me this evening?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, looking him full in the face.

"No, I do not."

"You don't?"

"Indeed I do not. Have I done anything wrong?"

"I think you have."

"Please tell me what it is, and if I am guilty I will make amends."

"Give me back that note you took away with you the last time you were here."

"Why, Pauline, I did not take the note."

She looked at him with a painful expression in her eyes.

"You are mistaken. You did take it, and from my pocket, too," she said, very firmly.

"Pauline, I did not. I took the first one in playfulness, but I never saw the second one after you put it in your pocket."

Her eyes blazed.

"You did take it!" she exclaimed, "and if you do not return it to me I shall call on your father and demand that he write me another one like it in the presence of a witness."

Otis turned pale as death.

"I don't know why you should accuse me wrongfully," he said. "I am no thief, and——"

"Excuse me," said Pauline, "but you have made the mistake of trifling with me in a trifling matter. I am hurt—deeply wounded, and——" she turned away and buried her face in her hands.

"Pauline! Pauline! Listen to me!" called Otis, seizing her hands and trying to draw her to him.

"Otis Chalmers, you may learn now, once for all, that you cannot trifle with me. Give me that note or leave me at once."

She was as firm as adamant, and her eyes blazed indignantly.

"I cannot give you what I have not, Pauline," he answered. "You accuse me wrongfully. I can have my father write you another, if you wish."

"Then bring me another. I am not a child to be humored with candy or toys."

"I am sorry, deeply wounded, Pauline, at your unjust accusation, and——"

"Please don't deny it any more, for it pains me more and more every time you do it," she said, interrupting him. "I know that you took the note!"

He was dumfounded.

"Pauline," he faltered, "you will regret having thus treated me. I'll have my father send you another note. Good-night," and he bowed himself out of the house.

Pauline did not ask him to stay, as he expected she would, and he went away in a towering rage.

"Perdition seize her!" he hissed, as he wended his way homeward. "She must have seen me take it—yet I am sure she was looking the other way at the time. One thing is certain—she is not to be trifled with. She has the firmness of an old dame. Good heavens, how mad she was!"

The next morning Otis told his father of his visit and the reception he received.

"So you see I am right," said the judge. "She is a girl that requires a good deal of tact to handle. You can manage her only by retaining her confidence, and that, I fear, you have lost."

"Oh, I am just beginning to find her out," said Otis. "Write another note and I'll stay away till she is willing to forgive and be friends again."

"You must be very tender with her after this. She is a girl who would not marry a man who abused her confidence."

Judge Chalmers wrote another note and gave it to Otis, who inclosed it in an envelope, addressed it in his own handwriting, and mailed it to Pauline.

Pauline had cried herself to sleep the night before, and when she received the envelope she recognized the handwriting.

Her heart gave a great bound.

Perhaps it contained words of love and penitence.

She tore it open and the note written by Judge Chalmers fell out.

Only that and nothing more.

She took it up, thrust it in her pocket, and then burst into tears again.

She loved him, and his unmanly conduct nearly broke her heart.

It was a terrible blow to her.

But after the first burst of grief she bore up bravely, that her aunt might not suspect that there was anything wrong between her lover and herself.

The day for his regular visit came, but he did not appear.

She was pale but brave, and bore up like the heroine she was.

"Why has not Otis come this evening, Pauline?" her aunt asked.

"You must ask him that, aunt, when you see him again," was the reply.

"You have not quarreled, have you?"

"Don't ask me any more about it, please," she said, and she went up to her room with a very heavy heart.

"Poor child!" murmured her aunt. "All lovers have their spats. He is staying away just to punish her. Some men are too mean to live."

The next day Pauline went shopping for her aunt, and, while on the street, met her cousin, Sydney Walton.

He bowed to her and then came forward and extended his hands.

She took it, of course, and said:

"I am really glad to see you, Cousin Sydney, after your trouble."

"Thanks, Cousin Pauline," he said. "I am not yet out of my trouble. I suppose you know all about it, since everything has been published in the papers."

"Yes, I have seen all that was published," she replied, "but of course you will be acquitted. The charge is absurd."

"I am not so sure of that. I was drinking that night with a party of friends. All of us were more or less intoxicated, and it was then that I had the trouble with Padgett. I'll never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live. Wine was the sole cause of all the trouble, for Padgett was drunk that night as well as myself."

"I am very sorry it happened. I have cried myself to sleep many a night since I read it in the papers."

"I am sure I am thankful to you for your sympathy, Cousin Pauline," said Sydney. "It does me so much good to have some one tell me that he or she believes in my innocence."

"Of course it does. I have never met one who believes you are guilty."

They walked along the street and talked like brother and sister.

At a corner two blocks from where they met they suddenly came face to face with Otis Chalmers.

Otis was dumfounded.

Was she telling him about the secret she had confided to him?

The thought made his knees knock together, and he turned as pale as death.

"Hello, Otis!" greeted Sydney, as they almost ran against each other.

"Sydney, how are you?"

"This is my cousin, Pauline Bischoff," said Sydney, introducing them.

"Mr. Chalmers is my lawyer's son and associate counsel," said her cousin, after the two had formally bowed to each other.

Both were quite pale, but perfectly self-possessed.

"I met my cousin just now," said Walton. "She believes strongly in my innocence."

"As all your friends do," said Otis.

Just then two men came by engaged in an animated conversation.

At the sound of their voices Pauline started as if stung.

She gazed after them with a half-bewildered air, and a moment or two later darted in pursuit, leaving her cousin and the young lawyer gazing after her in silent amazement.

CHAPTER XIII.

PAULINE'S DISCOVERY.

Both Sydney and Otis were astonished at the sudden action of the fair Pauline.

They gazed at her, wondering if she had suddenly lost her senses.

She ran right up alongside of one of the men and looked up into his face.

The man looked at her as if surprised, and then at his companion.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, sir," said she. "I thought you were a friend of mine," and she stopped.

"Oh, that's all right, miss," said the man, looking at her admiringly. "If you can't find your friend you can count on me."

"No, thanks; you are not good-looking enough for me," she retorted.

"That's a hard 'un on you, Waddy," said the other man, laughing. "Maybe it's me you're lookin' for, miss."

"Oh, no, excuse me," and she suddenly wheeled around and went back toward her cousin and Otis Chalmers.

She was pale and very much excited, and as she came forward Otis ran to meet her, whispering hoarsely:

"Say nothing to him about it—remember your promise."

She looked up at him in surprise, and said:

"I do not forget."

"What in the world do you mean, Pauline?" Sydney demanded, as she came up to where her cousin was standing.

"I thought I was sure that I knew one of those men," she said. "I took him for a rascal who had done a very great injury to one of my dear friends."

"Well, well. Would you have arrested him if he had been the man?"

"I might," and she tried to laugh.

"What do you think of my fair cousin, Otis?" Sydney asked, turning to the young lawyer.

"I think she is a brave, true woman, who makes her friend's cause her own," Otis replied.

"I should say so," and Sydney laughed. "Really, I hope I shall never give cause to have you make war on me, fair cousin. Come, let's go in and have some ice-cream after such an incident."

Pauline was anxious to cultivate the friendship of Sydney Walton, and so she accepted the invitation, and the three entered a fashionable ice-cream saloon, where they seated themselves at the table selected for them.

Otis suspected at once her motive in dashing after the two men.

On the other hand, Sydney never dreamed that he was in any way concerned in the matter.

But Otis was deeply suspicious that she had sought her cousin in order to tell him what she knew about the death of Jim Padgett.

He was ready to sell his soul for information on the subject.

To tell the plain truth, Otis was afraid of the intrepid girl, and was beginning to stand in awe of her. At the beginning of his courtship he imagined that she was dazzled by his professional and social standing, and that she would stand in awe of him. Now he began to suspect that she was really his intellectual superior.

"I am really very glad I met you to-day, cousin," said Sydney, after they were seated at the table. "I have been thinking of calling for some time past. This trouble, however, has knocked me almost out of my everyday life."

"I don't wonder at it," she replied. "We should be so glad to have you call. Many of my friends have asked me why you never called on me, as we two are the only relatives we have."

"The fault has been mine," he returned. "And in the future I shall make amends for the past."

Otis soon understood from the conversation that the meeting of the cousins was accidental and not by design. It made him breathe easier, and in a little while he joined in the conversation as lively as either of them.

When they came out of the ice-cream saloon, Pauline said she had come out to do some shopping for her aunt, and that they would have to excuse her.

"Will you not permit me to go along and carry your bundles for you?" Otis asked.

"I am afraid they will be too heavy for you," she replied.

"Why, you are not going to buy a piano or a stove, are you?"

"No, but I am going to buy two spools of thread, a paper of needles, and a card of small buttons."

"You can't carry them, Otis," said Walton, laughing. "You will have to hire a truck."

"You had better make him attend to your law case, cousin. I have no case in court for him now."

Sydney laughed, but Otis looked pale and serious. He believed that there was a hidden meaning to her words.

She bowed to the two young men, and turned away.

"Come, Otis," said Sydney, taking the young lawyer's arm. "What do you think of my cousin?"

"She is a charming young lady, and evidently possessed of a will of her own."

"Yes, I think so. She is no ordinary girl, I think. I don't like her uncle, though, and that is why I have never been a visitor at her home."

"I intend to call on her some day, if you have no objection," said Otis.

"Objections! I'd like to see myself interfering in her affairs! Pauline would very quickly let me know that I was going a little too far. By the way, you know how your father intends to make sure of a verdict in my favor, do you?"

"Oh, yes. He has told me all about it. He thinks that \$1,000 each will make a unanimous verdict."

"By George, but that's a big sum!"

"Of course it is—a tremendous sum for the poor men on the jury, but then they know that it is a mere trifle to a fortune like yours."

"But why should I be made to pay so much?"

"Because you are able to pay it and not feel it. A poorer man would not be expected to pay more than one-tenth of that sum. But you had better see father about it. He can tell you more about it than I can."

"Well, I'll see him to-morrow about it," said Walton, as he left him to go in another direction.

The moment he was alone Otis made up his mind to wait on the street till he saw Pauline and join her in her walk back home.

"She intends to punish me," he muttered to himself, "while I've been flattering myself that I was punishing her. She gave me to understand that she did not want me around her. I am going to see her and tell her that I surrender. If she stays angry she will be sure to tell Sydney sooner or later of her secret. Confound it, if she is not tractable I'll have her abducted and locked up till after the trial. Here she comes now!"

He waited on the corner for her and joined her.

"Pauline," he said, "I can't stand this. I beg of you to look upon me as you did before we quarreled. I beg a thousand pardons for all I have done to anger you. Will you forgive me, Pauline?"

"Otis, do you think I ought to forgive you? Do you think you deserve forgiveness?"

"I can only say that I want you to forgive me, Pauline, for I am very miserable and unhappy. I have tried to be obstinate, and vowed that I would never speak to you again. But my heart keeps on calling for you all the time, and so I know that I cannot live away from you knowing that you are angry with me."

What woman could resist that from the man she loved?

Pauline could not, so she said:

"I forgive you this time, Otis, but you must not trifle with me or try to deceive me again."

"You can rest assured that I have never had any desire to do that," he said.

He walked home with her, and on the way asked:

"Did I judge right when I surmised that those two men you accosted on the street were the same ones you heard that stormy night?"

"Yes—I heard the voice of the man Bill as he passed us. It was just one word, but I recognized it on the instant, and ran up to speak and make them talk to me."

"Did you recognize both of them?"

"Yes—as plainly as I would know your voice."

"And you could swear to them?"

"Yes; and would do it at the risk of my soul."

"I have seen both of them about town often," remarked Otis. "I've no doubt but that they belong to an extensive gang who live by crime, and who put their enemies out of the way just as Padgett was put out."

"Why do you not want Sydney to know of this thing?" she asked, "when he is the most concerned?"

That was a home thrust.

But he was quick to reply.

"Because to use it without proof would be worse than not to use it at all. If our detectives can get proof to convict, we will arrest them at once."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VILLAIN FOILED.

When Otis related to his father the story of his meeting Pauline and Sydney together on the street, the judge was almost beside himself with anxiety.

But when he heard that she had actually discovered the two men by their voices, and talked with them in broad daylight, he exclaimed:

"Otis, there is but one way for you to work this thing through successfully."

"How is that, father?"

"Get her out of the way."

Otis started.

He glared at his father as if he would read his thoughts.

"How can we get her out of the way?" he asked. "An abduction would only make matters worse in the end."

"You must marry her and go off on a long wedding trip—keep her out of the way till all is over and she is the heir of the estate."

Otis was astonished.

"That would be running a great risk, father. The whole thing may fail, and I'd be stuck with a penniless wife."

"Everything is a risk, my son. To get her out of the way is simply a matter of absolute necessity. If she stays here she is bound to see that the secret she holds shall go before the jury. If a good detective gets hold of her secret he can lay a trap to catch those fellows, and worm a confession out of them."

Otis was in a whirl and did not know just what to do.

He was not averse to marrying Pauline, for she was a girl of striking figure and fine sense.

"I'll see if she will agree to a hasty marriage and a trip around the world," he said, after a pause of several minutes.

"Do so, and if she does, tell her to make preparations to be off inside of two weeks. She will then have something else besides Walton's case to think about."

"Yes, but where is the money for such a trip to come from?"

"I'll look after that. When you come back you won't have any troubles about money matters. Your wife will be worth a million."

"Well, I'll see her about it this evening," remarked Otis, as he sauntered out of the office.

As he went down on the street he was surprised at seeing the two men Pauline had accosted on that morning.

They were going down the street together, engaged in earnest conversation in quite low tones.

"I wonder what they are up to now?" he thought to himself, and the next moment he was following them without any special design in doing so.

They made their way down to the waterfront and entered a saloon which was not very much noted for a good reputation.

Otis did not know whether to enter or not, as he was afraid they might recognize him and suspect his object in following them.

"Those fellows would not hesitate to put me out of the way if they thought I was trying to shadow them. I guess I won't try to bother with them. They are dangerous fellows. I'd rather take a trip around the world with Pauline than have a couple of villains shadowing me everywhere I went."

Such were his thoughts as he turned away from the saloon in which the two men had settled themselves.

All the afternoon he could think of nothing else but the suggestion his father had made to him relative to marrying and taking a trip around the world.

The more he thought about it the better he liked it.

He was one of those men who lived for the present rather than the future. With plenty of money and a handsome bride he promised himself an enjoyable trip.

"She won't refuse, I know," he said to himself. "A trip around the world is something that comes in the way of but few brides."

That evening he called on her at her aunt's residence.

She was not expecting him, but received him with charming cordiality.

As they sat alone in the cozy parlor that evening, he took her hand in his, saying:

"Pauline, you know how I love you. You cannot doubt that I do. My life's happiness depends on you becoming my wife. Can you love me well enough to place your happiness in my hands, Pauline?"

"Yes, Otis, you know that I love you."

That was all she said.

But it was enough.

He was beside himself with joy.

"Now, will you let me name the day when we shall be united, dearest?"

She looked up at him in no little surprise.

"I'm afraid I can't say yes to that," she replied. "You are always in such a hurry."

"That is not to be wondered at," he said, giving her a fond look. "I am sure you will not object to the time I shall name, if you love me as dearly as I hope you do."

"What day would you suggest, Otis?" she asked.

"Will you let me name the day, and agree to be ready on that day?"

"No. It would be foolish for me to do so. The brides always name the day, you know."

He was silent for several minutes, during which time she was wondering what his motive was in trying to thus get a blind promise from her.

"Can you get ready in two weeks?" he finally asked.

"Heavens, no!" she exclaimed, with a start. "Not in two weeks!"

"Pauline!" he exclaimed, looking reproachfully at her.

"Otis, you men can't understand," she said. "A girl has many things to do—clothes to make up—before getting married. You will have to wait six months at least, and——"

"Pauline, stop and listen to me. I am going to take a trip around the world. I've got to go half-way round on business, and it will cost no more to go on around than to return the same way. Now, I want to make a bridal tour around the world, which no couple in Brighton ever did before. Just think of it! The best society in town will give us a grand reception on our return. Make up your mind to go. If you do not we cannot marry for at least a year to come."

"That would suit me better than to hurry off inside of two weeks," she replied, not at all excited over the proposed bridal trip.

"Well, can't you get ready in three weeks, then?"

"No, Otis, nor in three months."

Otis looked terribly disappointed.

"I don't care anything about wedding trips or long bridal tours," she added. "I would rather stay right here and settle down to housekeeping with the man I love than to go all around the world seeing sights and people that I will never see again."

"But the separation for a whole year, Pauline—think of that," he said.

"Can your love stand it?" she asked.

"Yes; it could stand ten years of separation, and be true to the last, but it would be painful all the same. Pauline, you must get ready and go with me."

"I cannot do it, Otis," she replied.

"Don't say that now. Consult your uncle and aunt about it, and give me your answer to-morrow evening."

"Please don't indulge the hope that I shall accede to your suggestion, Otis, for I cannot, though every friend I have in the world should advise me to do so."

Otis left the house, muttering to himself:

"She never yields a point. We shall have to sacrifice her to gain a fortune, and yet I don't see how that will work."

Judge Chalmers was dumfounded when Otis told him that while she had agreed to become his wife, she would not wed under six months.

"Perdition take the luck!" he hissed. "I see no other way than for you to stick to her and do what you can to keep her from giving her secret away."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK AGAIN.

The day for the trial of Sydney Walton drew near, and all his personal friends were deeply interested in his fate.

Harry Lane again urged him to ask for a postponement of the case.

"I have spoken to my counsel about it," replied Sydney, "and he laughed at the idea. I think Judge Chalmers knows what he is about."

"Well, he ought to know, but he is certainly the first lawyer I ever knew who kept the client in a state of blissful ignorance of his situation. I am prepared to bet your counsel \$1,000 that if he goes to trial next week he will lose the case."

Sydney turned on him with:

"Harry, do you really believe that?"

"In my soul I do."

Sydney was worried.

He was growing uneasy.

"Take a ride with me, Harry," he said; "I want to have a long talk with you."

They went out to a carriage that had been ordered, and in a few minutes were bowling along toward the outskirts of the town.

When they returned, two hours later, Sydney was the first to alight from the carriage.

As he started to enter the hotel he was stopped by a man in a cloak, which was muffled about his head in a way that helped to conceal his face, who hastily thrust a note into his hand.

The next moment the man wheeled and walked away without uttering a word.

Sydney gazed after him in surprise, and for a moment or two was strongly tempted to run after him and find out who he was.

But then he thought the man wanted to remain incognito, and so refrained from making any effort to find him out.

He opened the note and read:

"Beware of your counsel!"

That was all.

The same warning had been received several weeks before, and in the same handwriting.

He ran up to his rooms, followed by Lane, to whom he showed the note.

"It's from the same source as the first warning," Walton remarked, as he gave Lane the note to read.

"Yes, and there's something strange about it, too," remarked Lane.

"Lane, do you think Judge Chalmers can be playing me false?" Sydney asked.

"I can't see where it would benefit him to do so," was the reply, "nor do I see how he could, either."

"That's just what I think about it, too," returned Sydney.

"It wouldn't pay him to do it, nor do I believe he is capable of doing a thing of that kind. Yet I would like to know who this man in the cloak is, and why he warns me as he does."

"I would like to know myself," said Lane. "If I ever see him again, I'll take the trouble to follow and find out who he is."

In the evening Walton and Lane were on the street all together taking a walk, when they saw two men make a savage attack on Dave Gresham, the old drunkard.

Gresham drew a knife and defended himself, cutting one of the men severely.

One of the men rushed upon him with a dagger and would have killed him had not Walton rushed before him and presented a cocked revolver at his head.

"Fair play!" he cried. "Two to one is one too many!"

The man recoiled from before the revolver and glared at the young man as if he were the ghost of his grandmother.

"Syd Walton!" he exclaimed, turning pale.

"Come away, Bill," said the other man. "The old duffer has wounded me."

The two men took a very hasty departure, and in a moment or two were out of sight around the corner below where the encounter took place.

"They were after you, old man," said Walton, as he turned to the old drunkard.

"Yes—and they would have got me if you had not come up. Much obliged to you, Sydney. They are a hard crowd. They want ter git me out of the way."

"Why do they want to wipe you out, old man?" Sydney asked.

"Because they think I know too much."

"Know too much about what?"

"About them. They are a hard crowd, who would cut a throat as soon as take a drink."

"Talking about drink," said Walton, "how is it that you are sober to-night?"

"Because I haven't been able to get a drink since this morning. I am nearly dead for one."

"Haven't anything to get a drink with, have you?"

"Not a cent."

"Why don't you hold out now and swear off?"

"I can't do it, Sydney Walton. I am too far gone for that."

"But try it and——"

"I'd kill myself before morning," said the drunkard. "I'd have the worst jim-jams that a man ever had."

"Here's a dollar. I guess you feel bad enough."

The drunkard snatched the money and said:

"You have saved my life and yours, too, Sydney Walton!" and with that he made a break for the nearest saloon.

"What in thunder does the old fellow mean?" Harry Lane exclaimed.

"Hanged if I know! Let's wait and see if he comes out. I'd like to ask him what he means."

They waited about the locality nearly half an hour, hoping to get a glimpse of the drunkard again, when Lane suddenly clutched Sydney's arm and whispered:

"There goes the man who tried to kill him!"

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR HERO SAVES THE DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

Sydney looked in the direction indicated by Lane, and saw the man at whose head he had aimed his revolver but half an hour before.

The man was alone.

There was something about him that caused Sydney to suspect that something was wrong.

"He is following Gresham," said Sydney to his companion.

"No doubt of it," replied Lane. "His pal was wounded, and he has probably returned to get satisfaction."

"Just what I think. Let's go up to the saloon and see what his game is."

They advanced near enough to see within the place.

There was a hard crowd in there.

They dared not go in, for they each wore watches and chains that would have tempted some of the villains to lay for them as they came out.

But they could see the drunkard as he stood at the bar drinking his third or fourth glass of the vile stuff sold there.

The man was just behind him.

Gresham turned and saw him, and a moment later left the place, as if to avoid the man.

Sydney took it all in.

The man took a glass of liquor and followed Gresham out.

Sydney and Lane ran up two doors and hid themselves in the shadow of the old house there.

The drunkard came staggering along, and a moment or two after he passed our heroes, they saw the man draw a knife and make a dash for him.

Quick as a flash Harry Lane, who was quite an athlete, sprang out from his cover and dealt him a blow on his left ear that sent him rolling on the ground.

Gresham wheeled around and staggered up against the house on hearing the short scuffle, and looked at the man rolling on the ground.

"He was after you again, Gresham," said Walton. "See here—this is his knife," and as he spoke he picked up the weapon which had fallen from the villain's hand when he was downed.

Gresham seemed to be half sobered by the suddenness of the occurrence.

He glared at Sydney, whose voice he knew in the dark, and then at the man on the ground.

Suddenly he snatched the knife from Walton's hand, and would have sprung upon the man had not Sydney detained him.

"Let go of me, Syd!" he cried. "I know the cuss. It's him or me. Lemme settle it right now."

The man had risen to his feet and was half dazed from the effects of the blow he had received.

"Bill Reynolds," said Gresham, "you have twice tried to do for me to-night. I am going to have you put where the dogs can't bark at you."

"You can't do it, Dave Gresham," replied Reynolds. "You won't live to see to-morrow's sun. You have nearly killed Waddy Tompkins, and his friends will look after you."

"Ah! There's a gang of you, then?" said Lane.

"Yes, as you fellows will find out. You'll hang when your times comes, Syd Walton."

"Well, I think we have proof enough to lock you up, at any rate," returned Walton, drawing his revolver. "You'll march to the station-house now, or take the consequences."

"I'll take the consequences. I won't march a step," was the defiant reply, "and you dare not fire."

"We'll see. Harry, go for an officer. If he won't go at my command, he dare not move without my permission."

Lane hurried away while Sydney stood there with his revolver covering the villain.

In five minutes Lane returned with two officers, who took Reynolds in charge.

"What's he done?" one of the officers asked.

"Tried to kill Dave Gresham," said Walton.

"Who saw him?"

"We did."

"Who are you two?"

"Sydney Walton and Harry Lane."

The officers knew them well by reputation.

"Come to the station-house and make the charge."

They went along, the drunkard going with them.

They told their story, and the villain was locked up for the night.

"See here, Gresham," said Sydney to the old drunkard, as they came out of the station, "if you don't go home the gang will get you before morning."

"I haven't got any home," said the drunkard, in sad tones.

"You haven't?"

"No."

"Where do you sleep?"

"On the ground mostly."

"Good heavens, Gresham!"

"It's true, Syd."

"No home! That's awful! And you once had a good home."

"Yes, a good home and a happy one," returned Gresham. "But it's all gone now. All gone, and I am now reaping the bitter fruits of the wine cup."

"It's awful, Gresham," said Walton, with a shudder.

"Yes, horrible," added Lane. "I'd stop it or die."

"But I don't want to die," remarked Gresham. "One wants to live as long as he can, however hard his lot may be in this life."

"Yes—that's so," said Walton. "I am tasting some of the fruits of the wine cup now myself. See here, Gresham, I can't leave you to the tender mercies of Reynolds' gang to-night. Where can you find a bed if you have the money to pay for it?"

"There are some cheap lodgings down on Madison street," said the drunkard, "but the gang lives down there mostly."

"Then that won't do. The hotels won't take you in at any price. I guess you had better go to the station and let 'em lock you up for safety till to-morrow morning."

Gresham did not object, for the danger that menaced him had about sobered him.

"What is the gang down on you for, Gresham?" Lane asked of the drunkard, as they turned to retrace their footsteps.

"They think I know too much about them."

"How came they to think so?"

"From something I said, I suppose, and they think I know a great deal more than I do."

They entered the station, where our hero informed the captain that he had reason to believe that the Reynolds gang would kill Gresham that night if they could get at him.

"Lock him up to-night, captain," said he, "and give him a square meal in the morning. Here's enough to pay for it," and he slipped a bill into the officer's hands as he spoke.

"We can take care of him, I guess," said the captain, as he clutched the bill.

"Well, take good care of him," said Walton. "I am going to try my hand on him as a reformer."

"What? Reform Dave Gresham!"

"Yes; why not?"

The captain gave a prolonged whistle, and, looking at Gresham, asked:

"What do you think of his chances of success, Dave?"

"Mighty slim, cap'n," was the reply.

"Oh, I know that well enough," put in Walton. "But I am going to try for all that," and he turned and left the station, accompanied by Lane.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JUDGE PLEADS FOR HIS SON IN VAIN.

When Otis Chalmers called on Pauline Bischoff the next evening, to learn her final decision, he was accompanied by his father, the judge.

The Bischoff family were very much excited over the visit. They had done all in their power to induce Pauline to accept Otis' suggestion of a marriage in two weeks and the bridal trip around the world.

"I don't like traveling," she replied, "and to take such a trip as that would use me up entirely. I am not to be hurried into a hasty marriage like that. I don't care two cents for the bridal tour."

Judge Chalmers came, and taking her hand in his, said, in a fatherly way:

"I have come to plead with you in behalf of my son."

"I know you are a great lawyer, judge," she said, "and know how to plead eloquently for any cause, but I think you will not succeed any better than he has. He had the assistance of my heart, which is wholly his, and yet my head was proof against both."

"One would hardly take you to be so headstrong, Pauline," remarked the judge.

"Am I headstrong?"

"It would seem so."

"Well, I am sorry. But then there may be other definitions that are not so unpleasant."

"Come, now, Pauline," said the judge; "I am an old married man, who understands these things better than he does. I know what a task it is to get up a good wardrobe on short notice. We can overcome that difficulty very easily. Let me give you a check for \$1,000, and you and your aunt run over to New York and set the dressmakers and milliners to work in a dozen shops at once. Everything can be made within a week, and then you and Otis can be as happy as two turtle doves."

Pauline shook her head, and said:

"I am not ready to marry yet, judge, and will not be till next winter."

"You are an obstinate girl," remarked the judge, a little annoyed at his failure.

"Am I? Just now I was 'headstrong.' Really, Otis, you are a better pleader than your father."

"I beg your pardon, Pauline," said Judge Chalmers. "I did not intend to offend."

"You have not offended, judge. I cannot accede to Otis' request. He will have to take the trip without me. I will await his return, and——"

"I won't go without you, Pauline," said Otis, very firmly.

"There now! See what two unruly children I have!" exclaimed the judge.

Pauline laughed, and said:

"I am sorry, judge, but there are some children who are wiser than their parents."

"Yes, and it seems that I have struck a couple of them," returned the judge, rising to take his leave. "I hope you two may come to some understanding about the matter. Good-evening."

"Good-evening, judge."

Otis and Pauline were left alone together, and the young lawyer pleaded eloquently with her, but in vain. He had to give up the trip, and so went home wondering at the perverseness of woman in general, and Pauline Bischoff in particular.

Judge Chalmers was furious.

He was in a sea of doubt as to what he should do next.

To abduct her and keep her locked up would not do, as in that case her strange disappearance might lead to other troubles that would ruin his scheme altogether.

"I see no way out of the difficulty, Otis," he finally said, "except to go ahead and take the chances. You'll have to pay court to her in such a way as not to excite her suspicions, and maybe she can be kept quiet. She'll rule you with an iron hand if she ever does become your wife. Perhaps it would be best for you after all."

"Perhaps it would," returned Otis; "but little I care for the iron hand if it is full of gold. No poverty-stricken hand for me."

Judge Chalmers was pacing his office when Otis came in the next morning.

"Otis," he said, "I have a plan by which we can work our way out of this case."

"What is it, father?"

"Get rid of the two men whom Pauline heard talking. If they are out of the way and cannot be found, the whole thing falls to the ground."

"Yes, that's true."

"Of course. Now, if we warn those men—and they can easily be found—they will get out of the way very quickly. She can then tell him all about it, and we can have a detective at work looking for the birds that have flown."

"Father!" exclaimed Otis, "that is an inspiration. It is the solution of the whole difficulty."

"Yes; you must disguise yourself and pretend to be a detective. When you have found your men, tell them what you are up to, and give them a chance to get away. When they are gone we will employ a good detective to go to work on the clue she has given us. Then the point will be taken out of the whole thing. The detective will not be able to find two such men, and the jury will not even get a chance to hear the story."

"Why haven't we thought of this before?"

"Because we were thinking of something else all the time. You must lose no time in getting up a good disguise, and then hunt up that fellow Bill."

"Yes; I'll go over to New York to-morrow and hunt up a good costumer, who will aid me in getting up a good disguise."

The next day Otis took an early train for the city, and

when he returned his own father did not know him, so well disguised was he. His whole appearance was changed so completely that his best friends whom he met on the street passed him without a suspicion as to his identity entering their minds.

He at once entered on his work, and in less than two hours learned that a man of the name of Waddy Tompkins had been severely cut up by old Dave Gresham, and that Bill Reynolds was locked up in the station for trying to kill the old drunkard.

"Great Scott!" thought Otis, as he sat in a very disreputable drinking den and heard that bit of news. "They must be the very men I am after. What in thunder are they after Gresham for? That old rum-soaker isn't worth poisoning. I must go and see if I am right in my suspicions. If I could see old Gresham I might pick up some news from him in regard to the two men."

He made inquiries at several places for Gresham, and at last found him down on the river front.

The drunkard was looking around for a chance to get a drink, as he had been able to procure but one that morning.

"Your name is Gresham, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Dave, looking suspiciously at the stranger who had accosted him.

"I want to talk to you about that trouble last night, Mr. Gresham," said Otis. "Come and have a drink with me, and then we will proceed to business."

"You ain't no reporter, are you?"

"No—I am a detective."

Gresham stopped and glared at him for a moment or two, and then asked:

"What's your game?"

"I am looking for a man who runs with Reynolds, I think, and want to ask you some questions. You needn't be afraid that——"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you. I've never broken the law yet," and the drunkard started for the nearest saloon with the man he believed to be a detective.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OTIS CHALMERS' DETECTIVE WORK.

Young Chalmers led the way to a much more respectable place than the drunkard was in the habit of visiting, and took a seat at a table, on which he rapped for a waiter.

The barkeeper and waiters stared at the drunkard, and wondered why any one should bring such a hard-looking specimen in there.

But a waiter responded to the call, and Otis asked:

"What will you have, Mr. Gresham?"

"A glass of brandy," was the reply; "and let me have a glassful, too, if you please."

"Just bring us a bottle of your best brandy," said Otis, "with a pitcher of water and two glasses."

"Mister, I don't know your name," said Gresham, when he heard the order for a bottle, "but you're a gentleman all over."

"I am glad to hear you say that," replied Otis. "If there is one thing in this world I desire it is to be known and respected as a gentleman."

"Yes, it covers up all a man's faults. One can't be a gentleman and a drunkard, too, you know."

"No, not always; yet I have known gentlemen to get drunk."

"Of course; but they get sober again and repent—swear right off—and all that sort of thing. Drunkards never sober up, unless it be so they can't get any more liquor. Ah! here's the bottle. Old cognac, as I live! I used to drink it before I became a drunkard. But I can't do it now. I have had to come down to 'bust head,' 'tangle leg' and 'jagged lightnin'."

Otis opened the bottled, and, pushing it toward Gresham, said:

"Help yourself now, Mr. Gresham."

He did not wait for a second invitation, but poured a glass two-thirds full of the fine old brandy and waited for Otis to pour his before drinking.

Otis poured out about a couple of thimblefuls, and then they touched glasses and drank.

"Ah, that is a drink fit for a king!" exclaimed Gresham, as he put down his empty glass and smacked his lips with supreme satisfaction.

"Yes, and nearly every king in the world indulges in it, too," remarked Otis.

"Is that so?"

"Yes—fine old cognac is a favorite royal drink the world over."

"Well, I'm blest if I thought they could stand as strong stuff as that."

"Oh, yes. Some of them are as hard drinkers as you are, Mr. Gresham."

"What! Are they drunkards?"

"Some of them are."

"Well, well! That consoles me. I'll brace up ag'in on that," and he took another stiff drink of the brandy.

Otis was afraid he would get too drunk to talk in a few minutes, so he went at the point at once.

"Now tell me what you know about those two men—Tompkins and Reynolds," he said, leaning both elbows on the table and looking the drunkard straight in the face.

"Oh, they are a couple of hard cases."

"What do they do?"

"I don't know. They never work for a living, have no property, and yet they always have money."

"Are they criminals?"

"I think they are. They tried to kill me last night."

"How did you get their ill will?"

"They think I know something about them, and that's why they want to get rid of me."

"But do you know anything on them that would incriminate them?"

"Maybe I do, but I couldn't prove it. I've got Bill Reynolds in jail, for he was carried there this morning, and Waddy Tompkins, his pal, is down with a hole in his side."

"You made the hole, did you?"

"Yes—an——"

"How did you come to get the best of both of them?"

"I had help."

"You did?"

"Yes, and mighty good help it was, too."

"Who aided you?"

"Two young lawyers—Sydney Walton and Harry Lane."

Otis started.

He had not heard about their action in the matter.

"What did they do?"

"They knocked him out just as he was going to knife me, and then marched him to the station, where they made the charge against him of assault with intent to kill."

"How was it that they had anything to do with it?"

"They were taking a walk and happened to see them make the attack on me."

"Oh, they were not on the lookout for any one, then?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do you know that man Reynolds personally?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea that any one is after him for a deed he has committed?"

"I don't know."

"He is in jail now, is he?"

"Yes—in jail."

Otis talked a while longer, and then left, telling Gresham he could have the balance of the bottle of brandy, which he paid for at the bar.

Gresham placed the bottle in his pocket, and followed him out.

They parted on the street, Otis going in one direction and the drunkard in another.

Otis made direct for the jail, where he asked permission to see Reynolds.

He was denied, but on claiming to be a detective and slipping a five-dollar bill in the jailer's hand he was shown into the cell in which the man was confined.

"You don't know me, Reynolds, though I know you well."

Reynolds gazed at him in great surprise for a minute or two, and then asked:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Never mind who I am. I am your friend, as I will show you. One day, a short time ago, a young lady ran up to you and Waddy Tompkins on the street and pretended that she knew you, did she not?"

"Yes."

"And one very dark night, a few weeks ago, you and Waddy took refuge in an old shanty in the lane back of Swan street just as a heavy thunder shower came up?"

"Yes."

"Well, that young lady took shelter there, too, from the rain only a few minutes before you did. She was within

three or four feet of you when you admitted that it was your blade that did the business for Padgett, and that you were willing that Walton should hang for it."

Reynolds gasped like a man choking, and staggered back against the wall as pale as death.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR HERO TRIES TO REFORM THE DRUNKARD.

The extreme agitation of the prisoner satisfied Otis Chalmers that he was the guilty one, and he followed it up quickly with:

"Now, I have come here to help you get out of this scrape. Don't think I am trying to lay a trap for you, for I am not. You need not make a single admission. I know enough already. That young lady recognized your voice as you and Tompkins passed her on the street, and she ran after you to hear you speak again. She is ready to swear to your identity. Now, you can get out on bail for about \$1,000 on this charge you are locked up on. I'll furnish the bail for you, and give you money enough to take you and Tompkins out of the country, provided you will go—say to England—and stay away for five years."

Reynolds was amazed.

He glared at the stranger as if unable to catch onto his full meaning all at once.

"Do you agree to the proposition?"

"Yes, of course."

"Very well. I have been sent by the relatives of the young lady, who wish to save her the annoyance of being called into court as a witness. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Do you know of a man with property who would give bail for you on the amount of bail being placed in his hands?"

"Yes."

"Send for him, then, and I will come and see you again."

Otis then went away, after telling Reynolds that his name was Smith.

Reynolds lost no time in sending for a man who was a relative of his, and arranged with him to go on his bail bond on his placing the amount of bail in his hands in cash.

Then he waited for the judge to send for him to determine the amount of bail.

In the meantime our hero had not forgotten his promise to the drunkard to look after him the next day.

He met him soon after Otis had parted from him.

He was full of old Cognac brandy, and therefore as drunk as a lord.

"Full again, Gresham!" he exclaimed.

"Yesh. Full (hic) besh brandy in er worl!" was the reply. and he drew the nearly empty bottle from a deep pocket in the ragged, dirty coat and showed it to him.

"Well, I must say you drink mighty good stuff, old man," he said as he looked at the bottle.

"Yesh; besht in (hic) er market."

He knew it was useless to try to talk to him while that bottle of brandy lasted, so he went away, after engaging a man to watch him till he was partially sober.

That evening he was half sober and quite anxious for another drink.

The man engaged to watch him reported to Walton, and our hero immediately took charge of him, bought him a new suit of clothes—hat and shoes included—and had a barber shave and shampoo him, and then made him take a bath.

The change in his appearance was something wonderful.

"I feel like a new man now," he said, after he was fixed and turned out of the barber shop.

"Now, Gresham, I don't believe that it is so hard to reform as you think it is. I am going to try an experiment on you, and I want you to help me along in it. If we succeed, I'll put you into business with capital enough to sustain you."

"What is it?"

"I want to taper you off on drink. I'll go to the best saloon in the city and pay for your drinks, with the understanding that you are to have one every two hours during the first day, one every three hours on the second, and so on, at the rate of a half hour longer between drinks each day. I think you can taper off that way, and gradually become a sober man. Will you agree to try it?"

"Yes, Sydney, I will."

"Well, I'll hire a man to stay with you all the time and see that you are not tempted beyond your powers of resistance."

"You can't trust me, eh?"

"I can trust you as far as you can trust yourself, Gresham," replied Sydney. "If you wanted to reform, you wouldn't trust yourself with a bottle of whisky just when you were suffering most for a drink, would you?"

"No, I guess not."

"Just so. I'll engage a man to see that you don't drink any more than the contract calls for, and will also pay your board at a private boarding-house till we see how the experiment will end."

It was agreed to, and the man who was to take charge of him was engaged and set to work.

The man's name was Carlisle, and was well known as a sober, honest man.

He and Gresham went to board at a private boarding-house—Carlisle paying for both in advance.

On the first day he had all that he wanted and kept comfortable without being maudlin drunk.

"If we could keep up this rate all the time," said he to Carlisle, "I wouldn't mind it at all."

"But have you no desire to become a sober man as you once were?" Carlisle asked.

"Yes, if I can do so and live."

"Oh, you can live easy enough. There will be no trouble about that."

"We'll see. I'd like to leave off and be a man once more."

"Well, make an honest effort this time, and I think we can pull you through."

When he went in for his last glass in the evening he was met by a man who wanted him to drink with him.

"Thank you, sir, but I have allowanced myself to just one drink."

"The deuce you have!"

"Yes—one drink each time I come in."

"Well, go out and come in again."

"No, sir; I cannot do that."

"Oh, you are going to reform, are you?"

"I am trying to."

"All right—here's success to you!"

And the man raised his glass to his lips and drank its contents.

Gresham noticed that the man eyed him savagely as he emptied his glass, and he became suspicious of him as he thought over the incident.

As he and Carlisle were going out, the man stepped up to him, and asked:

"Do you know a man of the name of Tompkins?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, he is very ill and wants to see you."

"Does he?"

"Yes."

"What does he want?"

"He thinks he is going to pass in his chips, and wants to tell you something before he does."

"Ah! Is it so bad as that?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"Down in Conyers street at the house of a friend."

"Conyers street! Well, I'll go down there in the daytime—not at night," and he looked the man full in the face as he spoke.

"He may be dead by that time."

"Is he so bad off as that?"

"Yes—he is very low."

"Well, I'll go by the station and get an officer to go with me and—"

"No, sir! That won't do."

"Then I don't go," and he turned away and went out with Carlisle, who had heard the greater part of the conversation.

CHAPTER XX.

PAULINE'S REVELATIONS.

Two days after Otis Chalmers' visit to Reynolds in the jail the latter was out on bail, which had been furnished by a man in whose hands the amount in cash, with a good bonus, had been placed.

He met Smith, as the young lawyer in disguise was known to him, and together they boarded a street car to ride down to the lower part of the town.

A young lady with a very heavy black veil sat in a corner

of the car when they entered, with two or three other ladies. They sat opposite her.

"Well, that part of the matter is settled," said Otis.

"Yes," replied the other. "I'd like to settle with that old drunkard before I leave."

"Oh, he doesn't amount to anything. Let him go. You want to see after your friend Waddy, though, and get him away with you. A change of air will do him good. When will you leave?"

"Just as soon as Waddy can go."

"Well, he ought to brace up and get off as soon as possible."

"Yes; business waits for no man nowadays."

"Just so. I'll meet you in New York to see you off. Wish I could take such a trip myself. Last week I thought I would, but I found that I could not arrange matters to suit me, so I gave it up."

They chatted on in a general way so that no one in the car could suspect that they were anything but two friends talking over business affairs.

The car passed several blocks, and at a corner below a curve the young lady with the thick veil got out.

She walked a block and then looked back as if to see if she had been noticed by any one.

Then she exclaimed as if to herself:

"My heavens! What does it mean? Otis and that man Bill! Otis in disguise and talking familiarly with him. I would not have known him but for his voice. I knew it the first word he spoke. Is Otis false to my cousin, or is he playing detective and trying to catch the man? I can't believe that he is trying to catch him after what I have heard. Oh, I am in a flutter! I don't know what to do. I—I can't go home and let my aunt see me so agitated. I must walk it off and then think over what is best to be done."

She walked back and forth and tried hard to calm herself. She was terribly agitated, and did not know what to think.

"There's something wrong about this whole thing," she said, "and I may as well find out what it is at once as not. Oh, there comes my cousin now!"

Sydney Walton was coming toward her, having been down that street on business.

He did not know her till she raised her veil and spoke to him.

"Why, my dear cousin!" he exclaimed.

"Did I surprise you?"

"Yes, you did," and he shook her hand cordially.

"Well, I have a still greater surprise for you. I have something to tell you which you ought to know."

"Indeed?"

"Yes—if you will call a carriage and give me a ride I'll tell you all about it, as it won't do to stand here on the street, and it is too long to walk it out."

Sydney laughed, and said:

"Why, you shall have a ride, by all means, my dear cousin. Come, let's walk till we find a carriage."

They turned and walked till they met a carriage, which he at once engaged.

Once in the carriage, Pauline began by asking him if he had any reason to suspect his counsel of playing him false.

"I don't know that I have," he said, "but I have been mysteriously warned to beware of my counsel."

"Well, now, listen," and then she told him how she overheard Bill Reynolds and Waddy Tompkins talking on a dark night, when Bill admitted that it was his knife which had done the business for Padgett.

"My heavens, cousin!" gasped Sydney. "You must be dreaming!"

"No, I am not dreaming."

"When did this happen?"

"More than a month ago."

"Why have you not told me of this before?"

"I did tell your counsel the next day, and they warned me to keep it a profound secret, so that the detectives could work it up."

Sydney gazed at her in stupefied amazement.

"You told my counsel!" he repeated.

"Yes, I told Otis, and here is a letter of thanks his father wrote me in regard to it."

She showed him the note.

He read it through twice and then gave it back to her.

He was dumfounded.

"One day—the day I met you on the street—those two men passed me. I recognized their voices and ran after them. You recollect that?"

"Yes."

"Well, they were the same two men. I knew their voices. Do you recollect Otis Chalmers coming to meet me as I came back to join you?"

"Yes."

"Well, he whispered to me not to say a word about it to you."

"Good heavens! I had just introduced him to you!"

"Oh, we were actually engaged then. He has been courting me a long time—ever since a week after your trouble began."

"Well, well! When will wonders cease?"

"Never, as long as there are men and women in the world," replied Pauline.

"I believe you. Do you love him?"

"I did; but since I have discovered his perfidy I would tear my heart out of my bosom before I would become his wife!"

"Give me your hand on that, my fair cousin!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand and shaking it warmly. "You shall never want for a dollar as long as I have two of them."

"Oh, I hate a mean and treacherous man!" she said.

"Yes; and no wonder, for you are honest and true yourself."

"Thanks, cousin. Well, he and his father both came to me the other day and tried to persuade me to consent to a hurried marriage and go on a trip around the world with him."

"What!"

"It is true. I declined to marry under six months, and they went away mad."

"Good!"

"To-day I met Otis so completely disguised that I did not know him till he spoke. Of course I knew his voice."

"Did he speak to you?"

"No. I had this thick veil over my face, and heard him talking to the man Bill whom I——"

"Good heavens, Pauline!"

"Yes, I knew the man's face and voice. He had just got out of one trouble, and said he only wanted to get even with some old drunkard, and then he would take his friend Waddy and go to Europe."

"Eh—to Europe?"

"Yes, and Otis promised to meet him in New York to see him off. He also urged him to get Waddy away as soon as he could."

"My dear Cousin Pauline, you have saved my life," said Walton. "You have given me a clue that will save me without any trouble. That man is the assassin of Padgett. But I can't understand the Chalmers business. That puzzles me. But say nothing about it—don't change your demeanor toward Otis till all is over. Oh, what a good friend you have been to me all the time!"

"I have always felt that way toward you, Cousin Sydney," she said.

"I believe you. I'll place \$10,000 to your credit in the bank just as soon as I can get there."

"Oh, cousin!"

"Don't say a word, dear. Let me have my own way this once."

He ordered the carriage to turn around, and they were driven back home.

CHAPTER XXI.

TIGHTENING THE COIL.

When Sydney Walton parted with his fair cousin he was in as active a frame of mind as ever a mortal man gets to be.

He drove at once to his hotel and sent for Harry Lane and his detective.

They both came.

He told them that he had just got hold of a clue to the assassin of Padgett.

Then he told them how Pauline Bischoff had found it out.

"Send for Gresham," suggested Lane at once.

Gresham was found, and he and Carlisle came in together. Carlisle was requested to wait downstairs for his charge, and he retired.

Gresham was then told what Pauline had discovered, and he exclaimed:

"I suspected the same thing from a remark I heard, and because I tried to find out more they tried to wipe me out!"

"Is that the secret of the attack on you?"

"Yes—that and nothing more."

He then gave the detective the clue that had excited his suspicions, and the detective went to work to spread a net for the capture of the two men.

As Reynolds had admitted the deed, the plan was to entrap Tompkins in a confession.

He also put a watch on Otis, who was disguised and going under the name of Smith.

The trial was to come off the following week, and Judge Chalmers had asked Sydney for \$10,000 with which to fix the jury.

"Judge, let's wait till the jury is drawn," he returned.

"I have no objection," he said in reply. "Only I ought to have the money handy when needed."

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about the money, judge. Have you no other hope of an acquittal?"

"Oh, yes; but I don't like to leave any chance standing against us in the face of such strong circumstantial evidence."

"Yes, it's best to make assurance doubly sure," remarked Sydney.

"Of course. Everything is against us, with but little in our favor save your character."

"Have you not been able to get any clue to the taking off of Padgett?"

"Not the shadow of one. It seems to be one of the mysteries that will never be unfolded."

"Yes, it looks that way. Well, we'll do the best we can."

"Yes—the money will make the jury all right. Twenty thousand dollars is cheap for a man of your wealth and standing, Sydney."

"Oh, I don't mind the expense at all. Only I am sorry the mystery of Padgett's death is not cleared up. There will always be people who will point to me and shake their heads."

"Better that than have the sheriff shaking a noose over your head."

"Yes—it's bad all around," and Sydney left the office convinced that Judge Chalmers was playing him false in some way.

"But where is his motive?" he kept asking himself. "Where will it pay him to have me convicted and hanged?"

He went to Lane and told him what the judge had said.

"Wherein will it pay him?" he asked of the young lawyer.

"I give it up," said Lane, "but I will sleep over it, and maybe I'll tell you more about it to-morrow morning."

"Well, I wish you would. It's the greatest puzzle I ever tackled in my life."

In the meantime the detective went to work on a clue that made it plain sailing.

He picked up links here and there with wonderful rapidity, with which he made a chain strong and merciless in its prehensile power.

He came across Otis in the shape of Smith, and overheard enough to convince him that he was working hard to get Reynolds and Tompkins out of Brighton and the country as soon as possible.

While these things were going on, Pauline Bischoff received a little note from the cashier of the bank in which Sydney kept his money, informing her that the sum of \$10,000 had been placed to her credit in that bank, subject to her check at any time.

She kissed the little note a dozen times, and ran upstairs to have a good cry over it—tears of joy.

Her aunt came up and found her in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, Pauline?"

"Never mind now, aunt," she said, wiping her tears away and smiling. "You'll know soon, and be as happy as I am."

Her aunt glared at her in astonishment.

"Why, you are not crying!"

"No, I am the happiest girl in the world, aunt," and then she sprang up, threw her arms around her aunt's neck and kissed her.

That evening Otis came to see her. He was not in disguise.

He had not been long in when Sydney came.

"Oh, you sly dog!" Sydney exclaimed, as he shook hands with him.

"I couldn't help it, Sydney," replied Otis.

"Of course not. She's a lovely girl. Now look here, old fellow. You played me a nice trick the other day when you allowed me to introduce you as a stranger to my cousin. I am bound to have revenge. Look out for me. When I come down on you there won't be a piece of you left."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LIGHT BREAKING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

The meeting of Otis Chalmers and Sydney Walton at the humble home of the Bischoffs was extremely pleasant.

Otis was profoundly ignorant that Sydney had any knowl-

edge of his game, or that Pauline suspected him of duplicity. Walton was sure in his mind that Otis was playing a deep game of some kind, and was puzzled to know the motive at the back of it.

"So you were courting her all the time," he said, "and let me introduce you as two strangers?" and he laughed heartily as he recalled the incident to which he alluded.

"Well, I couldn't well tell you about it at the moment I was introduced, you know," replied Otis.

"No, but you might have managed to tell me in some way, even before that day, that you were engaged to my cousin."

"One doesn't like to talk about his love affairs except with the object of his love," said Otis, and he gave Pauline a very loving look as he spoke.

After an hour or two of small talk they both came away together, and Pauline was spared the horror of being made love to by the man she once loved with all her heart and soul.

As soon as they were gone, Pauline ran up to her room.

There she threw herself on her bed and burst into tears.

She was weeping over the wreck of her love—her heart was nearly broken over the unworthiness of its idol.

But she had a head strong enough to control her heart, and so, after a desperate effort, she tore away the image of her lover and came back to herself a gentler and wiser maiden than when she first listened to the voice of love.

Sydney parted from Otis shortly after leaving the house of the Bischoffs, and went to his hotel.

There he met Harry Lane, with whom he went up to his room.

Lane had just seen the detective and learned from him that Tompkins had grown worse instead of better within the last twenty-four hours.

"He thinks Tompkins may die from his wound," added Lane. "And in that case he will have to have an officer take his ante-mortem statement in regular form."

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Walton, "that will necessitate some prompt work. If he grows worse Reynolds may skip out and leave us holding the bag."

"Not much! He can't get away from your detective. He keeps an eye on him all the time. I never saw such a fellow for shadowing as he is."

They went out together, and began looking at many places where, when not engaged in some dark work, Bill Reynolds usually put in an appearance.

They struck a dozen places ere they got on the track of the detective.

After striking their trail they soon caught up with them.

They found the detective outside a saloon keeping an eye on every one that came out.

"They are in there," he said to Walton without taking his eye off the entrance of the place.

"Who are in there?" Lane asked.

"Chalmers, disguised as Smith, and Bill Reynolds."

"The deuce!"

"Yes—they met there by appointment."

"Why, I left him not a half hour ago," said Walton.

"He went in there not five minutes since," said the detective.

"Well, that means business. Is there no chance for you to get in there and find out what they are up to?"

"No; Reynolds is half inclined to suspect me now. I must keep in the background as much as possible."

"Have you need for another detective?"

"No, I think not."

"You can have all the help you want."

"I'll ask for it when I need it."

"Do so. What's that about Waddy Tompkins?"

"They say he is growing worse and that he is likely to die."

"How did you get it?"

"From the nurse who has charge of him."

"What does the doctor say about it?"

"I don't know."

"Can you get at Waddy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll go to him to-morrow, and——"

"Sh—sh!" cautioned the detective, as he saw Reynolds and Otis come out of the saloon.

Our hero and his companion shrank back under the shadow of a house as the two men came by them.

"He can't pull through," said Reynolds.

"Sure?" Otis asked.

"The doctor says so."

"Then you'll go alone?"

"Yes, and I'll be off——"

They had passed out of hearing of Walton and his two friends.

"I think I can supply the link," said Walton.

"What is it?" Lane asked.

"I am sure that Reynolds is going to leave just as soon as he can get off and not wait for Tompkins."

"Just what I think," remarked Lane.

"I'll keep up with him," said the detective, "and see that he does not get away, while you get the coroner or a justice to take Tompkins' ante-mortem statement."

Walton and Lane then left the detective and returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARREST.

The detective shadowed Otis and Reynolds till they reached the old house where Waddy Tompkins was suffering from the wound he had received from the hand of the drunkard, Dave Gresham.

He saw them enter the house, and suspected their object.

"If Waddy is going to die they want to see that he doesn't give anything away before he goes."

Such were the thoughts of the astute detective as he heard the door close behind the two men.

He was a man of wonderful resources, and never allowed petty obstacles to balk him in an important matter. The old house had two families in it, both of a stripe, however. The movements in one part were never noticed by those in the other. The detective knew the construction of the old house, and in a few moments had made up his mind how to act.

By removing his shoes he succeeded in making his way unheard into a room adjoining the one in which the wounded man lay.

There was no one in the room at the time, and the detective proceeded to make such investigations as suggested success to his plans.

In a closet he found another connecting door to the closet of the other room, which had evidently not been put there for any good use. He did not worry over the fact of its existence, but proceeded to use it at once. To softly open the small, narrow door was the work of but a few minutes, and then he found himself in the closet of Waddy Tompkins' room.

Through a crevice he could see all that transpired in the room.

Waddy lay on the bed, a very sick man, indeed. His wound, which, though very painful, had not been considered dangerous, had suddenly developed alarming symptoms of blood poisoning. He was now in a critical condition.

The doctor was there when the detective first effected his entrance to the closet. He was talking to Reynolds and Smith, as Otis was known to him, in low tones.

"He may get over it," he said to them, "having, as he has, a good constitution, but the chances are decidedly against him at present."

They sat up all night with the sick man, during which time the detective had slipped away to get a few hours sleep in his own bed.

Early the next morning the detective was back on duty.

He was in time to see the two precious villains leave the house together. They conversed in low tones as they walked on up the street, and in a little while they parted.

Otis went to his office, removed his disguise, and then repaired to his room, where he went to bed to sleep till noon.

In the meantime Reynolds was busy making preparations to leave the town. He made a few purchases, but not enough to excite any suspicion that he was going to leave.

While this was going on the detective made arrangements with an officer to take charge of Reynolds the moment he should arrest him, and keep him safe under lock and key till needed.

In the afternoon Reynolds was again joined by Otis, disguised as Smith.

The detective accompanied them, at a little distance, to the station, where they were waiting for the train that was to bear them to New York.

Otis was going that far to see Reynolds depart for New York.

Just as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance,

the detective stepped up to Reynolds, tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Going to leave us, are you?"

Reynolds glared at him in surprise for a moment or two, and then gruffly replied:

"Yes."

"Well, before you go, they want you to call down at the police station and answer a few questions."

Reynolds looked him in the eye and recognized him as a man he had seen quite frequently within the past month.

"Are you an officer?" he asked.

"I am a detective."

"What is wanted of me?"

"That you will find out at the station."

The prisoner was very promptly locked up without the charge against him being made known to him or his friend.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST.

As soon as Bill Reynolds was locked up in the station-house the detective hastened to the house where Waddy Tompkins was laid up with the wound.

Tompkins looked up at him as if trying to make out who he was.

"What's up?" Waddy asked.

"Bill Reynolds is up for that Jim Padgett matter, and, as you were with him at the time, why, you have got to be a witness or else stand with him in the dock."

Waddy was silent for a couple of minutes and then asked:

"Where is Bill?"

"In a cell in the station-house. He was locked up this afternoon."

"I don't believe you," said Waddy.

"Do you recollect one night, some six weeks ago, when you and Bill took refuge in an old shop?"

"Yes."

"Well, a young lady who was going home from the bedside of a sick friend took shelter there just a few moments before you and Bill did. She was badly frightened, of course, but had the good sense to keep quiet and hold her tongue. She heard all that was said—heard you call him Bill, and heard him call you Waddy. Then she heard Bill admit that it was he that did the business for Jim Padgett. Well, some time after that she heard you and Bill talking as you passed by her on the street. She turned, ran after you, engaged you in conversation, and fully identified your voices as belonging to the two men she had heard talking on that rainy night."

Waddy saw that the detective knew everything, and so said:

"You are right. It was Bill. It was so dark that I couldn't see what was going on; but I heard the scuffle and heard him say:

"'I'm stabbed!' and then Bill said to me: 'Come, Waddy, let's git,' and we ran out of the alley."

"You heard him admit it several times?"

"Yes."

The detective left to see a notary or justice to have him take down the testimony of Tompkins. He employed two officers to see that nobody else approached him in the meantime.

Then he hastened to find Sydney Walton and Harry Lane.

They were soon found.

"Reynolds and Otis Chalmers are locked up and Waddy Tompkins has confessed," he said, when he was alone with them.

"Well, well! I'll run around and get my cousin to come with me. I want her to face Reynolds."

Walton hastened in a carriage to see his fair cousin, while Lane made his way to the station-house to wait for them.

In an hour the carriage came up and Sydney assisted Pauline to alight.

She went to Reynolds' cell and identified him by his voice.

He was dumfounded when told that the young lady had heard him make the admission to Waddy Tompkins. So had Dave Gresham, the drunkard, and the detective.

It broke him all up, and he acknowledged that he did kill Jim Padgett.

"Now come into the next cell," said the detective, leading the way to cell No. 8.

"A lady and gentleman to see you, Smith," said the officer, as he flung the door open.

Otis never suspected that they knew who he was in that disguise.

"What are you in for, Mr. Smith?" Lane asked.

"I am in for disorderly conduct," he answered, disguising his voice.

But the disguise was poor—or the party pretended that it was, and all three exclaimed in a breath:

"Otis Chalmers!"

Otis groaned in direst anguish, and sank down on the cot in the cell, burying his face in his hands.

"I understand all, Otis," said Walton, very sternly. "Pauline suspected your treachery and came to me in time to save me from ruin. You and your father will retire from the case and Harry Lane will conduct it. We have found the real assassin, and my acquittal is only a matter of course. It will not be necessary to pay the jury anything. I have the honor to bid you good-night."

Sydney turned and offered his arm to Pauline, who took it and left the cell without so much as giving her whilom lover a glance.

She was accompanied back to her home by both Walton and Lane.

They then hastened to push matters. The proper officer was sent to take down the deposition of Waddy Tompkins. Dave Gresham was present to assist, and his presence did much to get the full truth out of him.

Then the case rested till the next morning, when Otis got off with a fine of ten dollars, without his identity being discovered. He went straight to his father and told him what had happened.

Judge Chalmers was so shocked by the news that he died of a stroke of apoplexy a few hours later.

That relieved Walton of his counsel, and Lane at once took charge of the case.

The trial came off a few days later, and the brilliant young lawyer had little trouble in showing the jury who the real slayer of Padgett was. He made a speech that thrilled the judge, jury and spectators alike, and his client was acquitted on the spot. The jury did not even retire to deliberate.

Of course, Walton's friends were jubilant.

They took him on their shoulders and carried him out of the court-house, and that evening they serenaded the intrepid Pauline.

Otis Chalmers left Brighton a few days after his father's obsequies, and never came back. His mother remained, however, and lived in great seclusion the rest of her days.

A year later Harry Lane, whose law practice had grown immensely since his first great case, led Pauline Bischoff to the altar. Sydney was his best man, and after the ceremony presented the bride with a title deed to the handsomest residence in Brighton, and a check for a large sum of money.

The experiment with the drunkard, who had once given our hero a warning which he never forgot, was not a failure, as many wise heads thought it would be.

Carlisle was a man of strong will and inflexible purpose. He stuck to him and tapered him off by such gradual process that Gresham himself was astonished at the ease with which it was done.

He became a perfectly sober man within a month, and then Sydney gave him work to do by which he could make a respectable living.

After a year of sober life his wife and children came back to him, and to-day he is living a sober, industrious life, surrounded by plenty of this world's goods, beloved by neighbors and friends.

There is no stronger advocate of temperance than Sydney Walton or Dave Gresham, both of whom had partaken of the bitter fruits of the wine cup.

One had suffered more than the other, but the fruit was bitter all the same, and both live to maintain the fact. Truly saith the wise man, "The fruits of the wine cup are bitter to those who partake of them, and they tempt only to ruin."

Next week's issue will contain "THE BLACK DIVER; OR, DICK SHERMAN IN THE GULF." By Allan Arnold.

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

CURRENT NEWS

Leo Palace, two years old, of Joliet, Ill., was attacked by a rooster which he was trying to chase, and as a result is in a serious condition. The rooster turned on him and the baby, in endeavoring to escape, fell. The rooster pecked him in the head, striking a suture in the child's skull with his beak, rendering it unconscious.

A bolt of lightning struck the chimney of the H. W. McFerren house in Tiffin, Ohio, during a heavy electrical storm. The bolt did not disturb either the brick or the plaster, but followed the chimney to the interior of the house, where it struck a clock on a mantelpiece and scattered the wheels and other workings all over the floor. There was no other damage.

A radio station has been installed and is now in operation at Navassa Island Light Station, West Indies, now under construction. This radio station is operated at present by the contractors for the erection of the light station, and it will be operated by the United States Lighthouse Service when the light station shall have been completed. The call letters of the station are WON.

Six thousand dollars in gold and silver currency was ploughed up on the farm of the late Calvin Evans, near Magazine, Ark., by his son-in-law. Evans' children say the money was buried by their father, who died, refusing to tell where his wealth was concealed. The sum represents pension money Evans drew from the Government in the last twenty years. He never used a cent of his pension. As soon as his voucher arrived he always cashed it and then buried the money.

From the numerous reports that have been received from the Allied front in the Picardy district—the scene of the great drive—it is learned that the French have made extensive use of aeroplanes equipped with wireless for the purpose of gun-spotting. One report states that a French battery dropped four shells in succession on a bridge fourteen miles away, the accuracy of the fire being due to an aeroplane flying above the mark, fitted with wireless equipment. The observer signaled back the effect of the fire to the battery commander with apparently telling results.

A correspondent at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., sends the following information as to the number of men in the college now serving with the National Guard. "This college," he writes, "furnished one platoon of the machine-gun company, First Infantry, Maryland National Guard, from

the student body, and the other platoon is composed of former students of the college. Approximately one-third of the student body of this college went to the border in various organizations of the Maryland National Guard. Every student of the college is required to live the life of a soldier and drill from one to two hours daily while at college."

The system of wire-dragging for uncharted obstructions to navigation, recently described in The New York Times Sunday Magazine, has proved its value at Salem, Mass., where the wire drag has led to the finding of rocks in the entire approach to Salem, some of them in the main ship channel for deep-draft vessels. In this channel depths from one to two fathoms less than charted were found, and, in consequence, the channel for deep-draft vessels has been narrowed sufficiently to require careful piloting to insure safety. The Coast and Geodetic Survey has temporarily buoyed a safe channel.

Tests of a new type of liquid fire for military use have been made recently at the Frankfort Arsenal at Philadelphia, Pa., according to the Boston Transcript. The liquid fire was invented by a chemist named Julius Dolges, and is said to be as near safe to the men handling it as can be desired, and can be turned on the enemy in the form of liquid fire that cannot be extinguished and will continue to burn for days; it can be employed as a cloud of heavy, dense smoke that affects the lungs and causes those who inhale it to choke; or it can be combined with chlorine or cyanide and result in terrible devastation to an enemy. It is also stated that further tests of the chemical are to be made at Fort Hancock, N. Y.

The flight of Antoine Marchal, an aviator in the French army, is unique in many ways. First of all, he captured the world's record for a non-stop flight by flying 807 miles, from Nancy to Chelm, Russian Poland, by way of Berlin. His mount was a special weight-carrying Nieuport monoplane. The second point is that in passing over the German capital he released large numbers of proclamations, which, needless to state, were far more impressive on the German minds than if he had dropped explosive bombs, resulting in great loss of life in the crowded city. Third point, his capture when within 60 miles of the Russian lines must have been a great blow to the aviator, who, after landing to change two of the spark plugs of the engine, discovered two more plugs that need changing. It was while changing the latter that he was captured by Austrian soldiers.

MAKING IT PAY

—OR—

The Boy Who Bought a Newspaper

BY WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

"I don't, old man," returned Jack, "but I'd like to pull the cad's nose for him, and I will some day, if he doesn't behave himself."

A day or so after that Rankin, the telegraph operator, met Dick in the street and said:

"The Times people have made arrangements for the Democrat of Springville to furnish them with telegraph news, so you won't be troubled any more."

"That's all right," laughed Dick. "I beat the Springville paper in getting outside news, as it is, the Times will still be behind. Wonder who's setting up for them?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Edgewood hasn't the money to do it, for all the airs he puts on."

That evening Thornton came to Dick and said:

"I understand from good authority that Captain Hawthorne is going to run for Congress on the Democratic ticket, and that the Times will boost him and urge the convention to do the same. Shall I make a local item of it?"

"If you are sure of it, yes."

Thornton went away and Dick said to himself:

"There's the milk in the cocoanut. The captain is ambitious and has plenty of money. That's how the Times is able to get the Democrat's despatches. Hawthorne's money is buying them. Well, if he should happen to be defeated, there will be a lot of disappointed fellows in town next November. I wonder how long the contract with the Springville folks has to run? The Times ought to make hay while the sun shines and get a good long one."

Next day the Times came out with a big splurge, urging the nomination of Captain Hawthorne, and called themselves the only live newspaper in the county, referring their readers to their news columns in proof of their assertion.

The News, however, not only had more foreign and domestic telegraphic information, but beat the Times on several important local items, besides announcing that Captain Hawthorne was going to run for Congress, a fact which the Times imagined had been in their exclusive possession.

In the course of two or three weeks the conventions were held, and Captain Hawthorne and Colonel Hamilton were nominated for Congress by their respective parties to represent the district.

Dick's paper at once reviewed the careers of the two men and urged all voters to support Hamilton as being the better man, but at the same time it re-

tained its independence by not putting his name at the head of its editorial page.

The excitement of the campaign was not the only thing that interested Norwood and helped to fill the papers, for now the trial of the bank robber was approaching and promised to rival the other matter in interest.

One afternoon Dick went to call on Sadie and, as he entered the reception room, he saw Colonel Hamilton and the district attorney of the county standing by the window, and heard the former say:

"The bank's loss was more than was given out at the time, and if you can compromise with this fellow, we may recover something. If not, we will lose it all."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Dick, coming forward, "but it is evident that I have heard what it was not intended I should."

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE JAIL DELIVERY.

"You certainly have," replied the district attorney, greatly embarrassed. "Now it is all out, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, it goes no further. Consider that I have heard nothing."

"You can trust Helper," said Colonel Hamilton. "He will say nothing, and print nothing that he hears in private."

After Dick had left the house, however, he said to himself:

"If I can get at the bottom of this affair and recover the money, then I can say all I please. So the robber was right in one way, eh? The money was not where he said it was, though, as I knew it would not be. Well, this puts a new look on the affair. How am I going to get at the bottom of it? That's what I've got to settle."

He was on his way to the office when he met a messenger from the county jail, who said:

"I have a note for you. I went to the office first, but you were not there, and Mr. Thornton said I might meet you on the street. It's particular, I believe."

Dick took the note, which was very brief, and read as follows:

Norwood Jail, Sept. 25, 190—.

"Richard Helper. Editor Daily News.

"Dear Sir.—I would like to see you on an important matter at once.

"WILLIAM DUNLAP."

The name signed to the note was that of the prisoner awaiting trial.

He had given a false name when taken, but had afterward been identified as Bill Dunlap, a noted burglar, and had not denied his identity.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A LARGE MOTOR TRUCK ORDER.

What is reported to be the largest order for motor trucks placed in this country since the outbreak of the war was cabled recently to Gaston, Williams & Wigmore, an exporting house, by one of the Entente governments. The order is said to call for 2,400 Peerless motor trucks.

Delivery will be made at the rate of from eight to one hundred trucks a week until late in 1917, with the prospects of the contract being extended until the end of the war. The order amounts to about \$6,000,000.

WOUNDS OF TREES.

A French scientist, who has been making a special study of trees in war time, writes that when a bullet, or any other foreign body, penetrates a tree not sufficiently to kill it, the wound heals almost in the same way that a wound in a human body heals. If it did not, destructive microbes would enter and cause decay of the tissues.

Trees are well equipped for healing their wounds, as an antiseptic dressing is almost automatically applied. "As soon as the lesion has taken place, the vegetable reacts to the wounded spot; its 'breathing' is quickened, and at the same time protein matter is rushed to the scene," says the scientist.

CANADA SAVES PAPER MATERIAL.

Similar efforts in the United States to save all waste rags and paper, as evidenced in the letter of Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce, the Weekly Bulletin of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce in its issue of April 3d calls on all housekeepers to save all waste material of this character, so that local organizations and dealers will get them into the hands of manufacturers. In a later issue of the same publication it is stated that the best kind of waste is book paper, containing none or very little wood pulp. Paper mills and dealers are asked to co-operate with the large number of business houses that have already offered to save all waste material of this character.

A VALUABLE RAWHIDE SHIELD.

A rawhide shield, bearing the embossed national emblem of Mexico, stolen from the Hall of Ambassadors of Mexico City the night Francisco I. Madero was seized by his officers and forced to abdicate the Presidency of the republic, is in the possession of Ives G. Lelivier, Mexican Consul at Douglas, Ariz. He has written the Carranza government for authority to keep it. The shield was taken by a customs officer from a Mexican who was trying to get across the international line at Nogales, Sonora.

Its seizure by the customs officials ended a search of three years, beginning the night it was stolen after it had been cut by the bullets which flew from the pistols of officers and orderlies in a melee which started in the Hall of Ambassadors when Madero stood under the shield and protested against the Treasury. The rawhide hung on the wall in the days of Diaz, and President Huerta valued it so much that he commissioned detectives in an effort to find it.

HIGH PRICES FOR PRIZE SHIPS.

The members of the Baltic Exchange, London, are becoming used to the high prices which are being paid for prize ships, but even they must have been surprised at the record price paid for a little German steamer which had been at the bottom of the sea for three months. The little Lome, which was built in 1888 in Hamburg, and whose tonnage is 2,583 gross, was sold to a British firm for \$190,500.

The auctioneer announced that for the first time since the war started Italian subjects would be allowed to bid on equal grounds with French and Belgian subjects. An international group of ship-owners were the highest bidders.

Early in the war the Lome was sunk off the coast of the Cameroons to save her from capture, but a commander of a British naval ship got permission to raise her and towed her to London. She is lying in the Currey commercial dock now, looking very fit and trim.

LARGE SULPHUR DEPOSITS.

The West Texas Sulphur Company, which is composed of New Orleans, La., men, is preparing to exploit on an extensive scale the large sulphur deposit in the Toyah district that it acquired some time ago. The company's holding embraces 600 acres, and a number of test holes show that the sulphur deposit extends from the surface outcroppings to a depth of about seventy-five feet. The product is high-grade and can be easily mined, it is said.

The Michigan Sulphur and Oil Company, which owns a large sulphur deposit in Culberson County, in the same section as that of the West Texas Sulphur Company, recently installed the first unit of a large sulphur reduction plant, and it is now turning out and shipping considerable quantities of the product.

A party of Mobile, Ala., men, headed by F. H. Edington, recently visited this section and made an inspection of the different sulphur deposits with the view of becoming financially interested in the industry.

TIMELY TOPICS

AMERICAN SOCCER TEAM WINS IN SWEDEN.

The All-American soccer football team won a game in the international contest with the Swedish players by a score of 3 goals to 2, at Stockholm.

C. H. Spalding, left-back, of the Disston Athletic Association, Philadelphia, and C. H. Ellis, of the Brooklyn Celtics, each scored a goal. The third goal for the Americans was won by free kicking. The game was a very fast one, despite the fact that it was raining and the ground was slippery.

MOORISH COURTESY.

The following story is told of the visit of a European diplomat to the Sultan of Morocco. During the audience, the visitor noticed with surprise that not one of the several clocks in the audience chamber was going. He mentioned in as delicate a manner as possible to the Sultan that his clocks had all stopped, and hinted that he would like to present him with one that could be relied upon. The Sultan thanked him with a smile, and added:

"My clocks are excellent timekeepers. They were all going just before you came, but I had them stopped, as I did not desire during your Excellency's all too brief visit to be reminded of the flight of time."

HAIL INSURANCE IN AMERICA.

Though insurance against damage by hail is very commonly practised over the greater part of Europe, it is comparatively rare in the New World. The provincial government of Alberta, Can., inaugurated a system of hail insurance some years ago, and in 1913 a similar enterprise was undertaken by the province of Saskatchewan. The State of North Dakota provided hail insurance for its farmers as early as 1911. In 1913 the rate of premium under the State scheme was increased from 20 to 30 cents an acre and an official adjuster was appointed in each county. The rate applies to grain crops of any kind, and there is no limit to the amount of insurance that is accepted in a given section or township. The commercial companies protect themselves from the results of severe hailstorms of local extent by limiting the risks accepted in any one region, and they also charge higher premiums in the western than in the eastern part of the State. The whole business of hailstorm insurance is still in a tentative state in this country, as statistics of hail damage are at present inadequate to furnish a sound actuarial basis for such business.

WORLD'S LARGEST FISH.

Once upon a time, one million years ago, so the archæologists say, there lived in the ocean a family of sharks so gigantic that Jonah's whale, by comparison, would be only a little larger than bait.

Their gaping jaws opened as wide as garage doors, and were fully 9 feet across, with an opening of more than 6 feet in height. When this fish dined on his seafood, the American Boy explains, his jaws crunched down with the force of a hydraulic press, and ground, with teeth one-half foot high, the hundreds of bony fishes upon which he subsisted.

This leviathan, called the *Carcharodon Megalodon*, is one of the latest additions to the Hall of Fossil Fishes of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. In the phosphate deposits off the coast of South Carolina were found a number of teeth ranging in size from 2 to 6 inches, and similar in shape to those of the great white shark or man-eater. The *Carcharodon*, according to the conclusions of the archæologists, was simply a man-eater, in a larger edition.

The teeth, of which a vast number were found, have been arranged at the museum in the same manner as they are found in the present man-eater. Comparing the size of the teeth of the restored *Carcharodon* with those of the largest living shark, whose teeth are 3 inches high, and whose length is 40 feet, it is estimated that the *Carcharodon* was at least 80 or 90 feet long.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The present war has given new life to the enterprise of building a railway tunnel beneath the English Channel between Dover and Calais. Had the tunnel been in existence in 1914, the problem of conveying troops and supplies to the continent would have been greatly simplified, and the burden laid upon the British navy, in keeping open a channel ferry, would have been lightened. There are growing indications that one of the first engineering works to be undertaken at the conclusion of peace will be the driving of this tunnel through the underlying chalk formation which exists in an unbroken stratum between the French and English coasts at this point. At a dinner recently given by the Chairman of the House of Commons Channel Tunnel Committee, Mr. M. Yves Guyot stated that every one in France was in favor of the tunnel, and that as far back as 1874 an agreement was entered into between the English and French Governments, and progress was made toward the signing of a treaty. Soon afterward a French construction company made thousands of soundings, a shaft was sunk, and an experimental tunnel 2,000 yards in length was driven.

Sir Francis Fox stated, at the same gathering, that the military objection of an invasion by way of the tunnel could be met by putting in a "dip" within a mile or so of the coast, which could be flooded by a sluice. The dip would be under military control and could be filled in five minutes' time.

SIMPLE SAM

THE POOR BOY

—OR—

Not So Green As He Looked

BY J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VII (Continued).

"Oh, Sam, people do you such a great wrong when they call you simple. I heard about the way you laughed at a number of people one day about man not being an animal, and how the professor came along and said that you were right."

"Yes, I was right, and I had the laugh on them that time. Men only make fools of themselves. There are no fools among the brutes. Of course, everybody passing in and out of the store noticed Sam and Lena standing there at the door laughing and chatting like old friends."

The two girl companions of Miss Heywood went inside of the store to make some little purchases, whilst Lena was conversing with Sam.

It became the talk of the town, and some people shook their heads and said that Lena was a young girl full of sentiment, and that they would bet money that she would fall in love with him.

When Lena's friends had made their purchases Sam said:

"Now, Lena, I must go home. These are some things of mother's that she is waiting for."

"All right; good-by, Sam," and she extended her little gloved hand to him, which he took and shook warmly, and then taking up his little package he made his way home without once looking back.

"Lena," said one of the girls with her, "it is strange, isn't it, that such a boy as he should be called simple."

"Yes, I really think so; but he is very simple in some things, particularly in his trustful innocence, and yet in others he's about the smartest boy in town. Professor Leonard told me himself that he was the best mathematician in his school, and that his mind was more active than that of any boy he knew of, and he said, too, that what he once learned he never forgot."

"Yes, I heard that much myself; but what impresses me most is his utter fearlessness and his wonderful strength. I heard father say one day that he was the strongest boy in the whole county, and yet how good-natured and kind-hearted he is. Nothing seems to anger him."

"Yes, other men who have strength would bully every time they came to town, but not so with Sam. Did you ever hear the story of the man who threw his beef bone to a dog?"

"Yes," the girl laughed; "he took him to the butcher shop and made him buy another one."

"Yes, that's it, and he never once showed any anger, but merely laughed at the man."

On reaching home Sam apologized to his mother for the delay, saying that he had met Lena Heywood, and that she stopped and talked to him.

"Sam, what did she say to you?"

He repeated every word that passed between them.

"Did she really say that she was coming to see us, Sam?"

"Yes, marm."

A few days later Mrs. Bradbury saw Lena appear at the gate.

She was sitting at an open window running her machine and she called to her:

"Oh, Lena, come right in! The dog won't interfere."

The girl opened the gate and came up to the little porch, ran in and threw her arms around Mrs. Bradbury's neck, saying:

"Oh, Mrs. Bradbury, I would hug and kiss Sam if people wouldn't talk, for mother and I both owe him our lives."

"Why, my dear child, if you were to throw your arms around Sam's neck and kiss him I believe he would just fall down in a faint, he is so bashful. He thinks you are just the prettiest and the sweetest girl in the whole town, and I'm sure he would faint if you were to offer to kiss him."

"Oh, my! I believe if he were to faint before me I'd run faster than ever before in my life. Where is he? Is he at home to-day?"

"Yes; but he is out working in the garden. He'll be in pretty soon."

They were sitting there talking when Sam came in with some vegetables which he had gathered for his mother to cook for dinner.

When he saw Lena his face brightened and he sung out:

"Hello, Lena! You've kept your word and have come to see us. I'm so glad to see you, and I want you to stay and dine with us."

"Oh, my, Sam! I couldn't do that, because I have an engagement to dine with Mollie Morrison to-day; but I will come some day and sit here with your mother and help her sew."

"Do you hear that, marm? Isn't she just a good girl?"

"Yes, Sam, she is one of the best in all Sussex."

"That she is," and he went into the kitchen and deposited the vegetables on the table, washed his hands, put on his coat and came in to talk with the fair visitor.

They chatted gaily.

With all his simplicitism there was a vein of shrewdness about him that was really charming.

"Sam, how strong are you? I've heard so many people speak of your great strength," the girl remarked.

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

GROWTH OF THE TILEFISH FISHERY.

The efforts of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries to add tilefish to the American dietary have met with great success. Prior to October, 1915, this fish was practically unknown in the markets. During June, 1916, the receipts at New York amounted to 1,126,000 pounds. The total sales of tilefish since this fishery was established were more than four million pounds up to June 30, having a first value exceeding \$200,000.

ISLAND MOVING DOWN RIVER.

Ed Scheibe, caretaker at the Eagles' Nest camp, came to Alton, Ill., to inform the owners of the camp that the island was coming toward Alton. According to the story he told, the head of the island is being cut off by the river and more dirt is being added to the foot of the island. This process is going on at the rate of several feet per month. The island is six miles above Alton. According to the way the caretaker has it figured, Eagles' Nest, if it keeps on for the next 1,000 years at the rate it is slipping at the present time, it will be directly opposite Alton.

\$50,000 BURGLARY.

Burglars took \$50,000 in booty from the home of John Birkenhauer, No. 284 Mount Prospect avenue, Newark, N. J. It comprised bonds valued at \$30,000 and jewelry worth \$20,000. The family has been at its summer home near Greenwood Lake since early June. Mr. Birkenhauer and his wife visited the house and discovered the robbery.

They found the front door forced open and a safe open and empty. In this safe Mr. Birkenhauer kept his bonds and the family jewelry, which consisted of many old heirlooms. He said the bonds are not negotiable. They are securities of the Hygeia Brewing Company of Passaic, the Essex County Brewing Company of Newark, and the Union Brewing Company of Newark.

From a chest in Mrs. Birkenhauer's room, the burglar took a silver service set. No marks were left to show force had been used on the safe.

Mr. Birkenhauer believes the theft was committed Wednesday night, as about nine o'clock that evening a relative, who was passing, stepped up to the front door to make sure it was closed.

Mr. Birkenhauer is an official of the Essex County Brewery. His loss is covered by insurance.

SEALS WILL NUMBER 400,000.

The most valuable herd of animals that any government of the world possesses is that of the fur seals which roam over the eastern side of the north

Pacific Ocean and return for breeding purposes to the Pribilof Islands, says Dr. Hugh M. Smith in the National Geographic Magazine. After being sadly decimated by indiscriminate slaughter at sea, the herd has been rapidly recuperating under the influence of an international agreement, and soon the fur seals may be as numerous as when they came into the possession of the United States Government with the purchase of Alaska.

The fact that the only land to which these animals ever resort is two islets in Bering Sea belonging to the United States, gives our government a claim to possession such as is exercised over no other wild creatures of water, land or air.

In the summer of 1916 more than 100,000 young seals will have been added to the Alaskan seal herd, whose total strength will then be upward of 400,000 individuals of all classes. For some years only a limited number of seals have been utilized for the food purposes of the natives; but after the present close-time law expires, in 1917, there will be available for commercial use many young male seals, which add nothing to the reproductive capacity of the herd and may properly be utilized for their skins and other products.

NEW COAL DEPOSIT.

Coal is the only topic of conversation in the works of the Norwalk Lock Company, South Norwalk, Conn., at present, and the name of Alexander Morton is on the lips of all his shopmates. He has just found that there is coal on his place on Centre street, and if he is anxious to find out how much there is of it, the men in the room where he is a foreman are, if possible, more curious than he.

About six years ago Morton had a well dug in a field back of his house. This well is about 11 feet deep, and in the bottom of it the men found a layer of black, rocky-like substance. As it was near night and he wished to finish that day, he did not stop to examine it, only taking a couple of small pieces as specimens and covering up the well. These pieces he took to the shop and threw in his desk, doing nothing with them since, except to occasionally show them to some one.

But last week Morton sent one of the pieces to the Hartford Laboratory Company of No. 112 High street, Hartford, Conn. He has just received their report of the analysis, which shows that the sample was a very good grade of bituminous coal. Since receiving this report he has decided to hire men, open up and enlarge the well and determine the amount of the deposit.

Not far from this well is a piece of low ground, which is said to contain peat, and it is claimed that an oily substance gathers on the top of any pools of water that remain standing for a few days.

FROM ALL POINTS

A VICIOUS CATFISH.

E. A. Hillman of Wakeeney, Kan., has a sore face, caused by a tussle with a large catfish which he attempted to catch with his hands while swimming.

The fish was seen under a log at the edge of the creek apparently asleep. Hillman slipped his hands along the side of the fish and had almost closed his fingers through the gills when his fishship came to life and jumped for liberty.

It struck Hillman such a blow in the face that he was thrown backward and his face badly lacerated and then escaped.

A VALUABLE PROPERTY.

Eight hundred acres in the heart of the richest of the Eldorado, Kan., oil field belonged to the municipality a year ago. Discouraged by three dry holes, the city gave the leases to a corporation last September.

The city had drilled in a "sink" and missed the pay sand. For adjacent tracts afterward the bidding was as high as \$400 an acre.

If the city had held on, the income might have been great enough to pay dividends twice a year to every man, woman and child in the city as partners in the business. It then would have been not only Eldorado but Utopia.

HUGE GUNS FOR U. S. ARMY.

Army ordnance experts are at work on designs for huge field howitzers, as large or larger than the German 42-centimeter guns which wrecked the Belgian and French forts early in the war.

They will be of at least 16-inch caliber, with a range of twelve to fifteen miles, hurling a projectile weighing more than a ton, and carrying a huge amount of high explosive.

In addition to placing several of these mammoth weapons along the coast line for mobile defense against naval attack, army officials now are considering the creation of a special regiment, equipped with six of the howitzers, to work as a unit of the mobile army. The problem confronting the designers in that regard is to distribute the enormous weight of the gun and carriage in such a way that it can be moved over any good road.

HAS JAW OF 12-FOOT SHARK.

The steamship Calamares of the United Fruit line, which arrived from Cristobal and Costa Rica, brought the jaws of one of the largest man-eating sharks ever seen by the crew. The shark, which was of the "thrasher" variety, was described as being white and measuring more than 12 feet long.

The huge fish was caught in the harbor of Port Limon on August 5 by Charles Goldring, smoking-

room steward. The shark put up such a furious struggle that the crew had to pull it aboard by means of the steam winch. Inside the sea tiger's stomach were found a piece of shoe leather, a metal buckle and part of a smaller shark.

OLD DOG SAVED TWO.

Shep, a collie dog that was to have been killed because of his age, saved the sons of his master, Henry Miller, from death when they were attacked recently by an angry bull, at Danville, Ill.

Jake Miller, age twenty-three, and Valentine Miller, age fifteen, still are in a serious condition of injuries inflicted by the animal, and Shep, swathed in bandages and with one leg in splints, is being cared for in the house by a veterinary.

The boys had gone for the cows and were attacked by the bull, which Shep attacked vigorously, so distracting the animal's attention from the boys, both of whom were gored and trampled, that their father was able to drive the infuriated animal away with a pitchfork before the sons were killed. The decision to kill Shep has been abandoned.

SOME FACTS ABOUT METEORITES.

Interesting facts gleaned from a recent work on meteorites, by Dr. O. C. Farrington, are as follows: About 700 recognized meteorites are found in existing collections, but only about half of these were actually seen to fall. Of the observed falls only 10 were of iron meteorites, yet among meteorites not observed to fall, iron meteorites largely predominate.

The explanation appears to be that iron meteorites attract the attention of the ordinary observer much more quickly than stone meteorites. The latter look like ordinary terrestrial rocks and are therefore commonly overlooked. No human being has ever been known positively to be killed by the fall of a meteorite. Probably the narrowest escape was that of three children in Braunau, at the time of the fall of an iron meteorite in 1847. This object, weighing 40 pounds, fell in a room where the children were sleeping, and covered them with debris, but they were not injured. In each of two celebrated meteoric showers—those of Pultusk and Mocs—more than 100,000 stones fell. All observed showers were of stones, but the finding of numerous individuals of iron in single localities, such as Toluca and Canon Liablo, indicates that showers of iron meteorites sometimes occur. The largest known meteorite is one brought from Cape York, Greenland, by Peary, weighing 36½ tons. It is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Twenty-nine chemical elements have been found in meteorites in quantities sufficient for accurate study.

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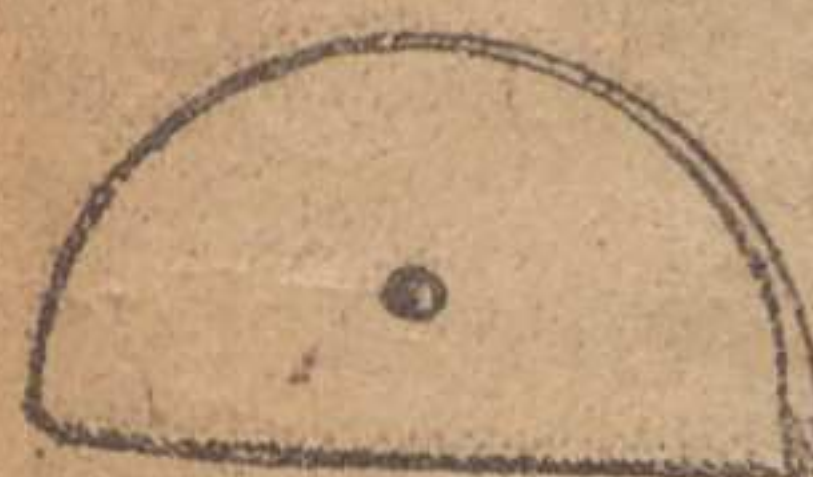


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